THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 34. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A REAL IRISH DAY.

Interesting Proceedings on Thursday, Aug. 15, at Ogden Grove—Irish Heroes Are Well Remembered.

The United Irish Societies Turn Out in Full Force and Make the Welkin Loudly Ring

With Patriotic Sentiments, Uttered by Fervid Orators and Applauded by the Multitude.

Addresses by Messrs. Gallagher, O'Donnell, O'Neill Ryan and Graham.

Address of the Societies.

The double anniversary of the great Irish victories of the Yellow Ford and the Curlew Mountains was celebrated at Ogden Grove, on Thursday, Aug. 15, under the auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county. The attendance was excellent, and nearly every Irish-American of prominence in town, and not a few from outside, attended the gathering. The ladies appeared to be equal in numbers to the men, and the children were also strongly represented. All the usual games and pastimes were practiced, and the enjoyment appeared to be universal.

The officers and speakers of the day appeared on the grounds at 3 o'clock, and were escorted, in carriages, from McCoy's Hotel to the grove by the stalwart battalion of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, at least 200 strong, under Maj. L. R. Buckley. In the carriages were Maj. William McCoy, Hon. James Maher, Col. Marcus Kavanagh, John J. Mahony, John J. O'Connell, Senator P. V. Fitzpatrick, Hon. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis; Hon. C. A. Gallagher, of Minneapolis; Hon. James O'Donnell, of Bloomington, Ill., and Hon. James Graham, of Springfield, Ill.

THE AFTERNOON MEETING.

The afternoon meeting was called together around the beautifully-decorated platform at about 4 o'clock. John J. Mahoney, President of the United Irish Societies, called the meeting of the afternoon to order, and introduced the Hon. James Maher as chairman. Mr. Maher made a brief, but strong, introductory speech, and introduced Mr. John J. O'Connell, who read the address of the United Irish Societies as follows:

Address of the United Irish Societies.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: The result of the recent general election in Great Britain, and the Kingdom of Ireland, has taught the Irish race one useful lesson, namely, that Ireland must rely upon herself and not upon England, for the restoration of her national prerogatives. With British statesmen the question of home rule, as it is called, is not a matter of principle, but of expediency. Nearly every Englishman supposed to be friendly to Ireland was slaughtered by his countrymen at the polls, while hostile Englishmen, like Asquith, the late merciless Radical secretary, who refused to release the Irish political prisoners, were returned by large majorities. These facts indicate that no reliance can be placed upon English professions of friendship and liberality toward Ireland. While Scotland and Wales have consistently voted to restore to Ireland her native parliament, England, from the beginning of the home rule struggle to the present, has been uniformly hostile and daily continues to grow stronger in her opposition to Irish autonomy.

Ireland herself, in spite of conditions that might have demoralized even peoples more fortunately situated, has shown a magnificent fidelity to the cause of national independence. In spite of feuds, jealousies, and low political intrigues on the part of her divided and fatuous "Leaders" she has shown her ancient courage and constancy in repudiating the foreign yoke that binds her to misfortune. A country that returns 83 out of 103 representatives pledged to the restoration of her native parliament, is morally exempt from submission to her tyrants. Resistance to those tyrants is, therefore, not a question of morality, but a question of capacity to establish the freedom she has voted for by four-fifths of her constituencies four times within a period of ten years. England knows this well, but it is all the more resolved to maintain the fraudulent "Union" by force of arms. We hope to live to see the day when Ireland, supported by potent allies, will be in a position to answer England as the American colonies answered her, and as Greece answered the Turk.

We do not desire to dictate a policy to the Irish people; we do not wish to embarass their movements by any words or actions of ours, but we take leave to say that we have no further faith in parliamentary agitation, or in agitation of any kind, as a medium for the attainment of Irish independence. We are entirely too familiar with the methods and sentiments of English politicians to be deluded into such a belief. They hate Ireland, because they have injured her, and they fear her as a possible political and commercial rival. It was this fear that led England in 1800, despite the protests of the great mass of the Irish nation, to purchase a majority of the corrupt and sectarian Irish parliament, in order that the murderous Union Act might be carried. No historian—not even a British historian—worthy of respect or consideration, has dared to assert that the "Union" of 1800 was effected with the full and free consent of the Irish people: Therefore, that act is not binding on the Irish conscience; and the Irish people are fully justified in using for their emancipation every means used by their enemies for their coercion; and it is the duty of their friends and kindred the world over to procure those means for them. Therefore we resolve,

That Ireland, in a moral sense, is not an integral portion of the so-called United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, but is simply the Kingdom of Ireland, whose rights have been abrogated by a base act of the British crown and parliament, and she is bound by that act only in so far as prudence may dictate.

That the attempt on the part of one G. W. Smalley—a renegade American employed to foster English opinion in this country through the public press—to liken the cause of Ireland to that of the seceding Southern States of this Union, lately in revolt, is false, fraudulent and misleading, because Ireland did not enter into the British Union of her free will; and has been held, since its forcible consummation, by an armed force as a conquered province of the British Empire.

That we hail with delight the advent of the new movement for the restoration of Ireland's national sovereignty and pledge to it our moral, physical and financial support.

That, as American citizens and lovers of human liberty, we extend our most profound sympathy to our brothers, the Irish political prisoners, whose devotion to, and heroic self-sacrifice for, the cause of motherland are a daily reminder to us of our duty as Irish Nationalists; and we pledge ourselves to use every possible effort for their release and restoration to their families and kindred.

That we send to Ireland a message of love and sympathy; congratulate her on her latest splendid vindication of her right to be a nation, and pray that all her sons and daughters may unite in the effort to lift her banner from the dust of bondage and make it once again the symbol of a free people.

The address was signed on behalf of the United Irish Societies by the officers: John J. Mahoney, president; John T. Keating, vice-president; Lawrence Henely, treasurer; Timothy F. McCarthy, recording secretary; Arthur Donoghue, corresponding secretary.

Hon. C. A. Gallagher's Speech.

After some words of eloquent introduction, Mr. Gallagher said:

Men of undying faith; men of untiring zeal; men of undaunted courage; Irish Nationalists of Chicago, I greet you from my heart!

Nowhere 'neath heaven's blue are gathered today more devoted sons than respond to this anniversary, commemorative alike of the faith that burns in the soul and the valor that lives in the heart of an Irishman. Year after year these groves have echoed to the tread of your soldiery; year after year have you stood uncovered in their presence and breathed a prayer that you might live to see the day when—

"The gleam of their steel, and the shock of their lead,
Might prove to their foe that they meant what they said:
That they'd lift up the green, and they'd tear down the red."

Year by year these trees have trembled with the swelling notes of that grand old battle hymn, "God Save Ireland." Today we have assembled not to glory in the victories of the past, but to gird up our loins for the battle of the future.

After dwelling at considerable length on the vacillating policy of agitation which has prevailed in Ireland for several years, and the social and commercial conditions which compel the youth of Ireland to either seek a livelihood in a foreign land or join the English army, he continued:

There was a time when Irishmen considered it a greater honor to enter a British prison than to enter a British parliament. There was a time when the leaders in Ireland felt they owed a debt to the men who had died for Ireland, and a duty to the generation to follow that made them unwilling to mortgage the freedom of a people that they might enjoy immunity from sacrifice. If instead of presenting the hat to her friends Ireland would present the sword to her enemies, Irish famines would be a thing of the past.

Instead of inviting Irish immigration let the Irish people of America say to the young men of Ireland: "Stand your ground! Resolve that you have a right to live upon your native soil! The conditions which drive you from home enslave you wherever you go. To turn your back upon those too old or feeble to escape is cowardice. It is your duty to stay and defend them, and to prepare the way for generations yet unborn; and if in the performance of that duty you require aid, our purse, our hearts, our lives are yours to command." Such a message would put new blood into the youth of Ireland, would light the hillsides of Ireland with rebel fires that could not be quenched till Liberty's torch had inflamed every Irish heart. (Applause.)

There are in Ireland today thousands of young men waiting for the proclamation of the Irish people of this country; and, thank God, the declaration of Irish National Independence is already framed in the hearts of the people, and in a few days will be proclaimed by a convention in the history of this country only second in importance to the immortal gathering of 1776. And when that convention shall have spoken it will voice the authority of ten million Irish hearts sworn to consecrate the work of their lives to the emancipation of the Irish people. It will not be a petition, it will not be a remonstrance,—it will be a declaration of unceasing and relentless war. (Great applause.)

I know not what the exact expression of that convention may be, but this I do know: there must be one cause, one issue, and one leader; and my judgment will bow to the expressed wisdom of the grandest, largest, most representative and earnest Irish gathering this country has ever witnessed. Until that convention has spoken, it would be presumption to advocate any particular policy, but I want to dwell for a moment upon the objection raised against this movement by a certain class of men who laugh at it as a Quixotic adventure of dreamy enthusiasts. Your honored citizen Mr. Medill, in his controversy with that champion exponent of Irish National independence, the man who of all others has kept his flag nailed to the mast, John F. Finerty, imagined he brushed the whole question aside when he satirically asked to have the day and hour of Irish emancipation pointed out to him.

Every day illusions of ages are being dispelled: favorites displaced, idols dashed to the ground, new records established which a few years ago would have been declared impossibilities. In the light of science and invention who can tell the pregnant possibilities of future warfare? We already know that the destructive agencies of war have been perfected to such a degree that it would mean practical annihilation for contending forces to use them in equal battle. Mere numerical strength has proved another fallacy. When war broke out between China and Japan most men expected to see the Chinese overrun Japan and with their little chop-sticks beat that people into subjection; and yet with a loss almost insignificant Japan brought China to her feet to beg for terms. The English soldiers are skilled in war, but England never fought an equal battle with Ireland; and when Ireland fights England again the odds will be as great in Ireland's favor as they ever were against her in the past.

England has never given Ireland an open field; she always fought from the bush; she used every diabolical means that the inventive genius of hell could command. And yet there are Irishmen who have conscientious scruples lest the Irish Nationalists should meditate a blow against England without the accompaniment of a brass band. The day will come when a thousand men ready to die for their country can strike a blow more effective than an army of a hundred thousand in open warfare, and in such a manner that the guns of England cannot be trailed upon them. Any system of warfare is justifiable against England. Nothing that can be imagined can begin to approach in cruelty the methods employed by England. When this infant republic sought to fix its star in the firmament of nations, the colonies of America met the mother(?) country in war. And England, who boasts of her civilization: England who brags of her courage; England who throws up her hands in horror and remonstrates against Turkey's treatment of the Armenians;—this England entered into partnership with the savage American Indians and hired them to scalp and butcher defenseless women and children, to burn dwellings and let loose the demon of torture against men whom they called brother. With the tomahawk and torch branded into her brow by the pages of history, England has the effrontery to lift her brazen head among the civilized nations of the earth to protest against the cruelty of pagan rulers! England, who, not content with the crowbar and torch invoked the aid of famine to decimate a country she could not subdue; England, who in her hypocritical pretense to charity saw the nations of the world snatch her children from starvation; England, who impressed her courage(?) upon the Sepoys of India by blowing them from the cannon's mouth,—this England, whose name is putrid with barbaric butchery, while she has dotted the pages of history with conquest sprinkled them with the blood of savage warfare.

There can be no more disgusting spectacle than the sycophantic Irishman, or the anglicised American who weeps over the prospect of the Irish Nationalists using unfair methods of war against England. When you hear a man in this country trying to advance an argument against a nation's struggle for freedom, you may make up your mind that it is one more proof of the use of English gold or the spread of American asininity. Already the croakers are at work. No sooner was it known that your great city was selected as the place of convention than a system of disparagement was inaugurated.

England finds her ready tools, whether it be from a desire to share her gold or a chronic disposition to reject and oppose every policy that did not emanate from the egotistical brain of a professional patriot. There are men so self-conceited that they would see Ireland forever in chains rather than to be delivered by the aid of men to whom they were opposed. This cause is greater than any man; it is greater than any combination of men, and the Irish people of this country are in no mood to be trifled with. That convention is called for the purpose of devising the best, quickest and most certain method of establishing Irish national independence. (Applause.) The friends of that movement will be welcome, and its enemies will be located where they belong, in the English camp. There is a vast difference between honest criticism and secret treason; the one is entitled to the respectful consideration, and the other to the execration of all candid men.

The spy who gives his life for the glory of his country is a hero, but the traitor who sells his country's cause for gold, or for revenge against a rival in the cause, or through a feeling of pique that his great talents and patriotism have been discarded or overlooked—walks among mankind accursed by all, even the base power that used him, consigned to that worst of all punishments, the consciousness of an existence a curse to himself, to his race, his country and his God. When, therefore, you meet one of those creatures who tells you how he bleeds for poor suffering Ireland, and how he trembles at the thought of her cause being committed to the coming convention, strip the mask from his face and let his withering soul know that at least in the presence of one man he stands branded with a traitor's shame. (Applause.)

There never has been a meeting of the Irish people upon which so much depended as the convention to be held in your city next month. For years men who believed in a sterner policy have kept the sword sheathed that moral suasion might have an unlimited opportunity to prove its utter inability to cope with the issue between Ireland and England. At last the Irish people of this country have declared themselves in favor of a policy that will attempt something more than idolatry of an English statesman (applause); they will decide in a convention of the Irish race to follow the voices of our illustrious dead, and grasp from the sepulchred hand the sword upon whose blade the Irish martyrs swore fealty to the cause of Ireland. (Renewed applause.)

In that convention will be centered the lives and liberty of a nation; its voice will echo 'round the civilized world; Ireland will hail in its action the dawn of a new era; England will see in its declarations the birth of a new republic, while the world will welcome a nation that has been the cradle of soldiers whose blood has stained every battlefield where valor and courage have triumphed. (Cheers and applause).

All hail the day when the God of Nations shall grant a answer to our prayers, when the Irish soldier who has marched under the victorious banner of every other nation can, at last, follow the fortune of his own immortal sunburst. When the long looked-for time shall have come, whether he stands one among thousands or with a faithful few battles against force and numbers, his spirit will be animated by the battle-song of the immortal Bozzaris:

"Strike, till the last armed foe expires;
Strike, for your altars and your fires;
Strike, for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land."

(Prolonged applause).

Hon. James F. O'Donnell's Speech.

Mr. O'Donnell, of Bloomington, was then introduced and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: "The day we celebrate." To no person and at no time does that phrase go home with more force and feeling than to an Irish heart and on an occasion like this. The disinterested observer may think it nonsense to see enthusiasm seem on the tongue when Ireland's interests are discussed, but it is true that a study of Ireland's history will summon the sympathies and fascinate the feelings of the most unimpressionable among us. The cynic may wink at the credence attached to saints, but no man who respects his mother's creed will scoff at the actors he sees staged in the open testament. One of these, but too recent for biblical ties, was heaven's messenger to Ireland. The people were pagans, but less uncouth than those of the inland countries. They worshiped the sun, and who could blame them? It would seem that the blaze was the place in the sky where angels pulled apart the portieres every morning to look down where Nature was sweetest. The mellow beams brightened up the valleys, danced upon the waters that glimmered there and that mirrored the glorious green about that rose in some places like an avalanche of emeralds heaped in hills.

For three hundred years Ireland was a leading land of learning, and her priests the professors of the world. Youths seeking the sciences flocked from every country to her monasteries. Her scholars went abroad, teaching the arts and sending the story of Christ into the hearts of Scotland, England, Germany, Switzerland and the other countries over the continent. No nation on earth did more for the cause of Christianity than she. No nation did more to turn mankind from the dark ages to the rock of ages (applause). Then came the daring Danes in the eighth century, and year after year for three hundred years they swept in on Ireland, their glittering galleys covering continuously the seas about. But St. Patrick had so recently fortified Ireland's faith that they fought with that fervor that belongs to a penetential prayer, and they won, as Good Friday at Clontarf records. No one but a tried soldier who has stood in hand to hand engagement midst clashing steel and spurting blood—none but he can understand the dire exhaustion and fearful fever to a land after a shock of four centuries of warfare. Well, you young men who blush to think that the land that gave your fathers' birth suffers the indignity of subjection, I ask you to remember this point in Ireland's history and you will raise your heads in honor; for it was at this stage that the Anglo-Norman cruelly and cowardly pounced upon her and wrung from her proud but spent spirit its liberty. It was in the night, when Ireland was resting in that sweet sleep which Nature orders after a day of terrible turmoil, that England, unfair as an assassin, slipped in with a knife and cut off her independence. Then it is almost surpassing belief, but Ireland, exhausted as she was, gave them a fight of 400 years, from 1169 to 1549, and might have won at that, but as Lincoln quoted from the Bible, "A house divided against itself must fall."

While her good right arm kept the Saxon in anxiety her left hand was patting peace on the backs of quarreling chieftains and their clans. Here your tears will blot the leaves that tell you of the struggles, mangled flesh, fields of blood, murdered women, and strangled children. Henry VIII. comes on the scene. He is passion's slave and found it convenient to change his form of religion and would have Ireland change with him. Now her faith is attacked and she rises to her feet dripping with blood of 700 years. We see brave Owen O'Neil, fresh from the splendor of the Spanish army, enter the Kilkenny federation, and by his victory at Benburb, on the Blackwater, rival the most brilliant deeds known to war (applause). Victory followed victory, and he would have made Erin's harp ring with liberty's music had not the same treachery that marked the early Saxon returned to creep into his tent and pour poison into his wine. Forty years later the battle of the Boyne brings gloom over Ireland's glory, but it was through the unpardonable incompetency of their leader, the English King James II. Sarsfield, at the second siege of Limerick, fought so fiercely as to force Orange William to terms and secured religious liberty (applause). Then comes the most contemptible treatment Ireland ever suffered. After Sarsfield and his 15,000 men had gone to France, and the lord justices who signed the treaty had returned to Dublin, the treaty was immediately broken, and the people of St. Patrick's faith suffered the most excruciating persecutions till 1829, when the proclamation of Catholic Emancipation was secured by that huge heart, that mighty mind, that great big heaven-kissed orator of orators, Daniel O'Connell (applause).

After describing the pitiable, heart-rending, indescribable, awful scenes attending the famine of '46, '47 and '48, he continued: Thus Ireland, stabbed with the swords of nearly twelve centuries, is indeed bleeding from every pore, but life is in the heart, which is not yet pierced and never will be. It is still large and warm, for as a writer says: "The good is better made by ill, as odors crushed are sweeter still." That is why our tears are as ready as our smiles. That is why we are the most sympathetic, loving, faithful and fiery people among men, that is why we are here today; for,

"As a little child when scaring sounds molest,
Clings closer and closer to its mother's breast;
So oppression and the British lion's roar,
But bind Irish hearts to Ireland more."

Let sons of Erin in every land beneath the sky, scattered as they are, though seas separate them, let them unite in this common cause—that no future generation shall see the Irish race extinct, but one great, grand solidly united and happy people. Wherever you are, be in readiness for action; commence steeled to win and win you will. The presence and purpose of this force in America will make England do some thinking. It will occur to her that she is ever in imminent danger, for what unfriendly European power will hesitate to attack her when Irish-Americans, with cyclonic force, are waiting for the fray. Animated with this sacred intent, let creeds and political beliefs intrude no feeling—let Papists and non-Papists clasp hands, remember only that they are American citizens, liberty lovers and warm-hearted sons of suffering Erin (applause). I could never see occasion for real antipathy between these two. Remember that it is the same Celtic spirit that gives such fervor to the faith of the one—that gives a like emphasis to the belief of the other. And it is just that element in both that has distinguished the Irish as soldiers. Now in all I have said I mean no offense to the English civilian, among whom are millions of warm and generous hearted men, and who, like Americans and all other human people, long for the time when the office of kings and queens will be no more; when there will be a harmony of governmental rulings and commercial dealings throughout the world; when there will be an international tribunal for the adjustment of misunderstandings among nations; when brute force will be no more, and intellect and honor will reign supreme (applause).

Well, if there be any section or faction in this country to discountenance our motives today, our effort to spread liberty and promote universal civilization; let them forget those who were so largely instrumental in molding that flag. Let them forget that it was Irish Bishop Berkely that gave Yale its first library; that it was Irish Matthew Carey that gave us our first political economy, and Irish Dr. Adrian our mathematics; that it was Irish Robert Fulton that gave us our steam-power, Christopher Colles that gave us our canals and Patrick Tracey Jackson our first railroad. Yes, forget the Historian Ramsay, college president Dr. Allison and hundreds of other Irish pioneers who were leaders in disseminating science and knowledge in early America. Discard all memory of the Revolutionary war, for we had ten Irish to one of any other nationality. Irish Sullivan and Langdon captured British gunpowder and cannon that made the first artillery for the United States army. Irish Henry Knox was master of ordnance. Irish Gen. John Stark won the victory at Bennington, and Irish Gen. George Clinton brought it about at Saratoga (applause). Moylan's Dragoon's Mad Anthony Wayne and hundreds of others might be mentioned; even Molly Pitcher, of Monmouth fame, was a Limerick woman. Washington's aide-de-camp was an Irishman, Col. Fitzgerald; also two of his major generals, John Sullivan, of New Hampshire, and Richard Montgomery, of New York. Montgomery fell at Quebec. From the lap of luxury he was called to his country's aid, and in responding he said: "The will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed." Said Irish John Barry, father of the American navy, when Lord Howe ventured a seductive bribe: "I have devoted myself in the cause of my country, and not the value or command of the whole English fleet could seduce me from it." Said George Read, one of the nine Irish signers of the Declaration of Independence, when approached by English gold: "I am a poor man, but poor as I am, the King of England is not rich enough to purchase me" (applause). It was Irish Charles Thompson, on the occasion of the Stamp act in London, who said in reply to a letter from Benjamin Franklin, "now that the sun of liberty is set; Americans must light the lamps of industry and economy." Said Thompson: "Be assured we shall light the torches of quite a different sort." And this compels the thought here that Irish-Americans and Irish the world over will in the future light torches of an entirely different sort toward England. Ireland had a Washington. He drove the English to defeat at Yorktown and secured American liberty. Brian Boru, Ireland's early leader, drove the brave Northmen from the plains of Clontarf, freeing her from her first assailants. Ireland had a Thomas Jefferson in Henry Grattan, but he was too close to England's clutches to accomplish much good. Ireland had a Lincoln, when Daniel O'Connell spoke and emancipated the people from religious oppression. But Ireland, at present, wants not another Jefferson, not another statesman, but another Washington—a warrior; not a solon—a sword (great applause).

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," and the same is true of nations. God did not scoop out this beautiful Mississippi Valley for the burial place of American liberty, nor did that All Wise architect intend the ponderous rock of Niagara for the tombstone over which should fall the torrents of tears for the death of our independence. Neither did He show His embellishing hand in that far-away picturesque isle to make it the theatre of everlastingly oppression and heartaches. Proud are the pages of Hibernian history in this country, and every silvery sentence is voiced by Washington and approved by Lincoln. Sarsfield went to France in hope that he would some day return armed with army enough to restore to Ireland the heavenly heritage taken from her by the cowardly cruelty that belonged to those unenlightened times. But when Sarsfield's lift went out his hope of the Irish brigade died with it. We have an Irish brigade in this country today. You, I and all of us belong to it. We hope, by our commendable conduct, to enlist American sympathy, that sort of sympathy that is silently, but surely, teaching all the world that all men are created equal; God has endowed them with inalienable rights. That, sirs, is the sentiment that streams through every Irishman and makes him the most loyal lover of the Stars and Stripes (applause). When that day comes, then no more will there be such saddening scenes at the ship-side, mothers' moans nor children's chilling cries, as father, sons and daughters tear from their embrace to find peace and pay on this side of the wide waters. Then no more will we, in this country, celebrate any Irish day—Irish-American will be a term of the past—and properly so, but the day we all celebrate here will have a counterpart across the broad breast of the Atlantic. Independence here! Independence there! A ray from above will turn Irish eyes to the sky—a halo will be in the heavens, and opening its dazzling disks, there, standing in stately and starry stream, more radiant than the rainbow and with all the glory that God can give, foremost will be St. Patrick. Opposite each other in the troop triumphant is Brian Boru, Owen Roe O'Neill, Patrick Sarsfield, Henry Grattan, Daniel O'Connell, Wolfe Tone, Isaac Butt, Charles Stewart Parnell. Down the centre walks a young man, and in kingly chorus comes the command: "Let the epitaph be written." (Prolonged applause).

THE EVENING MEETING.

The evening meeting was more numerously attended than that of the afternoon. Col. Marcus Kavanagh presided, and spoke briefly, but eloquently, on the Irish question. The address was read by Mr. J. J. Gubbins, after which the Hon. O'Neill Ryan was introduced, who spoke substantially as follows:

Hon. O'Neill Ryan's Speech.

In opening, Mr. Ryan referred to the gravity of the crisis that at present confronts the Irish people and the duty of the race to gravely consider the past as a guide to future action. He sketched the history of the people sprung from the great Aryan race and whose genius, struggles and accomplishments so well fitted them to the independence that the laws of God and the consensus of civilized opinion accorded as an absolute right to any people so fitted for self-government. He pointed out the marked characteristics of the race, that they were naturally a kindly religious and peaceful people who cultivated the arts and literature, and were early in the christian era the disseminators of virtue and learning, and it was only when invasion and strangers rude and harsh became parts of their communities than dissensions and distractions crept in to destroy their peace and prosperity; but aside from the facts taught by their history in their own land, their capacity for freedom was illustrated in other lands.

Without a government of their own they have aided in establishing and maintaining political institutions and their talents and powers have been potently exercised in the affairs of nations. A Wellington led the armies and directed the destinies of England. A MacMahon was marshal and president of France; an O'Donnell won laurels in distant Spain, while the valor and patriotism of Irishmen are inseparably associated with the achievement of our libbrties and the foundation and direction of our institutions. In literature, art, the sciences, at the bar, in the pulpit, in every arena of human action, material and intellectual, we may justly and not boastfully assert that our race has borne a conspicuous and honorable part, and it is left only to ill-natured cynics, or malicious partisans, to deny to the Irish people those capacities for self-government that have been demonstrated by their exiled brethren whenever the opportunity was presented or could be made.

The incessant struggle of the people against foreign domination and the provincial feuds engendered by alien rulers

(CONTINUED ON THE FIFTH PAGE.)

DIGGING FOR DEAD.

Grewsome Work Goes on In the Denver Hotel Ruins.

TWENTY-FIVE ON THE DEATH ROLL

Fire Breaks Out Again and Stops the Search—Night Engineer Pierce, Whose Negligence Caused the Horror, Himself a Victim of His Own Carelessness—James Murphy's Terrible Taking Off.

DENVER, Aug. 20.—A portion of the Gumry hotel, the scene of the frightful disaster, is still standing, gaunt and sinister, constantly threatening to crash down at any moment upon those delving in the ruins. The search for victims has been carried on with the utmost energy constantly, with the aid of twenty arc lights. Flames broke out afresh in the wreckage last night and the fire engines again poured forth water, still further impeding the work of rescue. The list of dead and missing now numbers twenty-five, making the disaster the worst that ever occurred in the city. Up to 7:30 last night only seven bodies had been recovered, being those of Manager Grenier and his wife, clasped in each other's arms; Gore Burt, a Rock Island railroad conductor; Mrs. George R. Wolfe and daughter; Fred Rutbold, and Will Richards, the elevator operator of the hotel.

The Man Who Caused It Missing.

Among the missing is now included Elmer Pierce, the night engineer, who is said to have re-entered the hotel just before the explosion occurred. It is to this man's carelessness that the disaster is attributed. The bodies of Peter Gumry and General Adams are still in the ruins. Judge James Glynn, who was at first supposed to have been in his room at the hotel, turns out to be at Holyoke, Colo., where he was spending Sunday with friends. A vast throng surrounds the building on every side, pressing forward as far as the fire ropes will allow. The police are constantly guarding against any one slipping through the lines on account of the great danger that the front of the building may fall.

Had Been Neglecting His Duty.

There is no doubt the disaster was caused by a boiler explosion. Pierce, the engineer, it is said, was intoxicated, and after turning a large quantity of cold water into the hot boiler left the building ten minutes before the explosion occurred. Irwin, the night clerk, says Pierce, who was only 17 years old, was drunk when he went on duty, and that he was in the habit of neglecting his duty. Irwin was pinned beneath some heavy timbers at his desk by the explosion, and was rescued by a fireman. He has scalp wounds and internal injuries, but will recover.

Two Omaha Men Missing.

J. A. Brown and J. L. Kirk, of Omaha, are among the missing. They registered at the Gumary Sunday afternoon and have not been seen since the explosion. Mrs. Brown telegraphed an inquiry from Omaha and Chief Goulding answered that there was little hope of her husband being alive. A suit of clothes was found in the ruins of the hotel, in the pockets of which was a 1,000-mile railroad book bearing the name of A. Stuckey, and a letter addressed to Miss Hattie Layton, Belvidere, Ills.

General Charles Adams, whose body is believed to be in the ruins of the hotel, was well known in mining and political circles in Colorado. He had been a resident of the state since the early days, and formerly took a prominent part in politics as a Republican. In 1878, at the time of the Ute troubles, he was Indian agent at the Ouray reservation.

AWFUL DEATH OF JAMES MURPHY.

Pinned by His Legs the Most Desperate Efforts Fail to Save Him.

The scenes surrounding the death of James Murphy, contractor, were heart-rending. The firemen engaged at the rear of the building heard agonizing cries from the man, that he was burning, and asking them to continue to play the water. After a few hours' work the firemen reached him. His legs were pinioned between two heavy joists. After great efforts, with dense smoke blinding them, the firemen released Murphy's left leg. At this moment a sheet of flame compelled them to withdraw. Murphy then offered his rescuers $1,000 to get him out and piteously begged that they chop his leg off. A second later the west wall collapsed and covered Murphy with tons of ruins. Murphy came to Denver from Omaha six years ago.

Mrs. George R. Wolfe, from Lincoln, Neb., was a victim of the catastrophe. She was accompanied by her 5-year-old daughter. Mrs. Wolfe's husband left the hotel during Sunday for a tour of Colorado.

J. E. Calkins, wife and baby, who were thought for a time to have been victims of the casualty, have been located in the Highlands. Mr. Calkins is a newspaper man from Davenport, Ia., city editor of The Gazette. They registered at the Gumry on their arrival here, but later went to stay with friends.

M. E. Letson, a dairyman of this city, was in the ruins ten hours before he was rescued. His injuries are a crushed arm, several contusions, and the shock to his nerves.

The total loss caused by the explosion and fire is $75,000. The Gumry hotel was worth about $25,000 and had $8,000 worth of furniture. It is a total wreck, but was insured for $25,000. The McMann block, which stands next to the Gumry, was also heavily damaged. It is owned by Colonel E. A. Bishop and was built in 1890. It is a four-story pressed brick and is occupied throughout by the A. Lilliblade Furniture company. The whole rear end of this block was ruined. The loss on the building is about $25,000, as the building will have to be torn down. This block is insured for $15,000. The stock of A. Lilliblade, valued at $30,000, is only partly lost.

Frederick French, one of those yet missing, came to Colorado from Michigan in 1875, locating in Gilpin county. He had served as alderman and mayor of Central City, and two years ago was elected county treasurer. He was a prominent Mason. Bela I. Lorah, another victim hailing from Central City, was 28 years old and a native of that city. He was one of the best known assayers in the state. He leaves a wife and young son, who are now visiting in Iowa.

LATER.—At this writing the bodies of E. F. McCloskey, Bela I. Lorah, Frederick French and an unknown have been recovered from the ruins, making ten in all. The fire has been extinguished and 100 teams are hauling the debris away.

EIGHT MEN KILLED BY A BLAST.

Premature Explosion Sends Them to Eternity—Ten Seriously Hurt.

DUBOIS, Pa., Aug. 17.—A dispatch from Clearfield says that eight men were killed and ten seriously hurt last night by the premature explosion of a blast near Mahaffy, on the Pittsburg and Eastern railway. The telegraph offices in the vicinity are all closed and no further details can be had.

SPRING VALLEY RIOTERS ARRESTED.

Thirty of Those Who Attacked the Negro Settlement in Limbo.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., Aug. 17.—Sheriff Clarke, of Princeton, arrested over thirty of the mob that ran the negroes out of the "Location." He was assisted in the work by fifteen armed deputies. The sheriff and his men went to No. 3 shaft and as the men came up that he wanted he promptly served them with warrants. They were all placed in closed wagons and heavily guarded. They were not allowed to change their pit clothes nor wash their faces. The sheriff started off with his prisoners about supper time and arrived in Princeton about 11 p. m. Major Buckner is here and will prosecute the cases for the negroes. The arrests were made very quietly and no trouble was encountered.

BINGHAM, UTAH, IN FLAMES.

Many People Homeless and a Loss in Property of $200,000.

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 20.—A special to The Tribune from Bingham, Utah, says: The whole town is ablaze and the loss estimated at $200,000. The fire originated in Butler's livery stable. Roberts' dwelling house, saloon and stable were consumed. Then the flames spread to Chinatown and swept everything on the west side of the street.

Among the buildings destroyed were the Griffin House, Quinn's building, post-office, mining recorder's office, United States commissioner's office, Rocky Mountain Bell telephone office, Roman Catholic church, and a number of boarding houses. Many people are homeless.

"WILD EXCITEMENT" AT BEATRICE.

City Clerk and Water Commissioner Charged with Fraud.

BEATRICE, Neb., Aug. 17.—Beatrice is in a state of the wildest excitement, occasioned by the arrest of the city clerk, J. T. Phillips, and the water commissioner, George Hawkins, upon a charge of obtaing money under false pretenses. City Clerk Phillips sold to the Farmers' and Merchants' bank city warrants amounting to nearly $1,100.

Upon examining the warrants the president of the bank grew suspicious, and by the use of the telephone learned that the parties to whom the warrants were issued held warrants for the same amounts as those purchased by the bank. The city council has deposed both officers.

Waite's Opinion of Business Men.

GAINESVILLE, Aug. 16.—Governor Waite and General Weaver are in attendance on a Populist meeting in this city. In discussing the silver question it was suggested to Governor Waite that a great majority of the business men of Texas were "sound money" men. "Of course they are," he said. "All the bankers are gold bugs and they control the business men. The bankers of Denver are such rabid 'sound money' men that they robbed the people of millions of dollars. 'Sound money' men, bosh! They are robbers and thieves. That's what they are."

International Wheel Meet.

COLOGNE, Aug. 19.—The world's championship and international cycling congress has commenced here. The best riders, both amateur and professional, of England, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Italy, Norway, Scotland, Ireland, the United States, and Canada are in attendance. The mile professional race for the championship of the world was won by Protein, of Liege, leading Banker a few inches. The 100 kilometer race was won by Michael, of England, easily, he being three miles in front.

Maryland Republicans Nominate a Ticket.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 16.—The Republican state convention assembled here and nominated the following ticket by acclamation: For governor, Lloyd Lowndes, of Cumberland; attorney general, Harry M. Clabaugh, of Baltimore; comptroller, Robert P. Graham, of Wicomic county. The convention adjourned at 4:30 p. m. after being in session a little over four hours. The platform is a standard Republican declaration with a vigorous plank in favor of "sound money."

Queen Vic to Parliament.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—Queen Victoria's speech to parliament is an unimportant document. The most interesting portions call attention to the Chinese and Armenian outrages, the latter of which cause the most anxiety, her majesty saying that she is anxiously awaiting the sultan's decision on proposed Armenian reforms. She tells parliament that nothing will be done at this session except providing the necessary funds to carry on the governments.

Ah Sin Shows Obstinacy.

SHANGHAI, Aug. 20.—A dispatch to The Mercury from Foo Chow says it is reported on good authority there that the Chinese government has refused to allow the American and British consuls, J. C. Hixon and R. T. Mansfield, who accompanied the commission appointed to investigate the recent massacres of missionaries and their families at Ku Cheng, to make any investigation into the circumstances of the massacre.

Four Men Drop to Death.

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 20.—Mr. McCreary, superintendent of bridges of the Northern Pacific, has arrived here. He confirms the report of the death of four men. They were bridge carpenters and had gone out on a long bridge to extinguish a fire, and failing to do so they sought to return only to find their retreat cut off. They leaped from the bridge into the chasm 126 feet below and were dashed to death.

Librarians Elect Officers.

DENVER, Aug. 17.—The American Librarians' association decided to hold the convention in 1896 at Cleveland, O. Officers were elected as follows: President, John C. Dana, Denver; vice presidents, Henry J. Carr, Scranton, Pa.; Charles S. Dudley, Denver; Thersa West, Milwaukee; secretary, H. T. Elmendorf, St. Joseph, Mo.; treasurer, George W. Cole, Kansas City.

GOTHAM'S BUILDING COLLAPSE.

Inquest on the Disaster Promises To Be a Searching One.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The inquest in the case of the twenty-six men who lost their lives through the collapse of the Ireland building at West Broadway and West Third street was opened before Coroner Fitzpatrick and a jury of experts.

Coroner Fitzpatrick has taken great care in the selection of the jury, and is determined that the investigation into the cause of the disaster shall be thorough. At present there are three men under $5,000 bail each, charged with the responsibility. They are John H. Parker, the builder; Jaffords E. Silleck, the foreman, and Joseph Guilder, who had the contract for plastering.

Debs Is Still in Contempt.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 20.—The A. R. U. organ here prints correspondence relating to a pardon for Debs et al. which had been asked by a labor union. Debs wrote to the department of justice as follows: "The department of justice, so called, refused us justice and we scorn its mercy. I speak for all my colleagues as well as myself when I say we would all rot in jail than enjoy our freedom by the clemency of those who sentenced us." In another letter he writes: "We have not asked nor do we desire a pardon. We hold the court which sentenced us in supreme contempt, and would not under any circumstances stultify ourselves by an appeal for clemency."

Colored People to Organize.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., Aug. 19.—A movement to organize the colored people of Illinois, which quietly started after the Spring Valley outrage, is assuming definite form. John G. Joones, a colored lawyer of Chicago, who has been here several days in consultation with leaders among his people, has issued a call for a state convention of colored men to be held at Springfield Sept. 24. The purpose is to organize a state league to protect and benefit their race. Each city and town is asked to send two delegates. The call emanates from Rev. H. Lackey of Quincy, Jessey and Call of Rock Island and B. A. and S. B. Walkup of Moline.

New Witness Against Durrant.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 16.—The police have located a new witness in the Durrant case. She is Mrs. Leak, a member of Emanuel church. She lives opposite the church and says she saw Durrant and Blanche Lamont enter the building the afternoon of April 3. If she tells the same story on the witness stand as told to the police, it will complete the chain of evidence against Durrant. Mrs. Leak was acquainted with both persons and says she could not be mistaken.

Cup Challenger Arrives.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Valkyrie III., the America's cup challenger, lies at anchor near Bedlow's Island, where she is the subject of much interest to yachtsmen and people generally who, in crossing the bay by ferry, come within view of the British yacht. Captain Cranfield admitted no one to the boat's deck. He said he did not know when the yacht was to be docked, but was making ready for the work as fast as possible.

Effect of Lightning and the Bike.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 17.—The Otis Elevator company, which has been in business for years as a retailer and wholesaler of oats, corn, and other grain, has closed its elevator, the reason assigned being the substitution of electricity for horses on street cars and the displacement of horses by bicycles.

Knight Templars Going to Boston.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 20.—The pilgrimage of the Knight Templars to Boston to attend the grand conclave has begun. Commandery No. 1 has left here with 215 members and guests. Tancred commandery No. 48, of this city, took its departure from here Saturday night.

Hanged Herself and Child.

PARIS, Mo., Aug. 20.—News reaches here that Mrs. J. T. Long, living near Madison, this county, hanged herself and 4-year-old child. The crime is attributed to a separation from her husband. The lady belonged to a highly respected family.

New Place for Professor Carroll.

LEXINGTON, Va., Aug. 16.—Professor William Spencer Carroll, professor of English at Davidson college, North Carolina, has been elected to fill the chair of modern languages and English in Washington and Lee university.

Charge Holmes with Murder.

TOBOTO, Aug. 19.—The inquest on the body of Nellie Pitzel, the younger of the two girls believed to have been murdered by the notorious Holmes was concluded. The jury returned a verdict of willful murder against Holmes.

Chicago Father Kills His Son.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—Jacob Schlesser, a well-to-do grocer, shot and instantly killed his son John last night. The two quarreled over a horse which the young man claimed that the father had driven too hard.

Coal Mine Closed Indefinitely.

PANA, Ills., Aug. 20.—The Pana Coal company's north mine has been closed indefinitely. Its force will be put to work at the old shafts.

THE DEATH RECORD.

WALTER MATTOCKS, well known lawyer, at Chicago.

LABAN C. BURR, mayor of Tolono, O.

J. R. IRWIN, prominent vessel owner, at Cleveland, O.

Rev. Dr. WILLIAM DEAN, first Baptist missionary to China, at San Diego, Cal.

W. R. HERRON, prominent citizen of Sharon, Wis.

P. F. ROTHERMEL, Sr., well-known artist, at Philadelphia.

General J. D. IMBODEN, noted Confederate cavalryman, at Abingdon, Va.

JOHN C. MOON, prominent Grand Army man, at Wilmington, O.

General S. P. MAXEY, famous Confederate leader, at Paris, Tex.

D. W. GRIPPEN, one of the pioneers of northern Illinois, at Rockford, Ills.

EX-Associate Justice STRONG of the United States supreme court, at Lake Minnewaska, N. Y.

JOHN MILLER WILCOX, editor of the Cleveland Penny Press.

LEONARD W. VOLK, well-known sculptor, at Osceola, Wis.

F. V. SIMMONDS, one of the oldest and best known traveling men in the country, at Chicago.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 16.—For the first time in the history of the National Guard has a cavalry troop made an extended detour of the country. Troop B, of Bloomington, Ills., National Guard, spent the day going from Camp Lincoln to Clear Lake and return. The troop was divided into squads, each one sending out scouts and conducting itself as if it were in an enemy's country.

They also made careful maps of the country, showing roads, strategic points, streams and location of bridges, fords, etc. Adjutant General Orendorff was so pleased with the excellent work done by the troop that he presented each member with a revolver of the latest pattern.

Too Hot for Illinois Corn.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 20.—The reports of the anticipated wonderful yield of corn expected in Illinois sent out ten days ago by the state board of agriculture will be modified by the next report, and it is probable that in the central counties of Illinois the yield will be reduced one-third from the anticipated yield. The intense heat of the past week has caused the corn to "fire" badly in this portion of the state and the devastating chinch bug is again making its appearance.

Seems a Wild Young Blade.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Aug. 17. — Charles Youngblade, 20 years old, and Miss Dora Carlson, the 19-year-old daughter of N. O. Carlson, left the city and are supposed to have eloped to either Chicago or Beloit to get married. Miss Carlson's sister gave Youngblade a check to get cashed for her and that he took with him. The young lady also appropriated a portion of her sister's wardrobe. Youngblade attempted to commit suicide in Chicago several months ago.

The Merritt Game Law Case.

KANKAKEE, Ills., Aug. 19.—The Merritt game case has taken a new turn and probably a final one. State's Attorney Graves has filed information in a peculiar document, claiming to cover the case in all its points. The verdict was the minimum fine for what game he sold, giving him full possession of the balance of his stock. The fine amounts to $300 and goes to the county. It is claimed by the attorneys that the verdict will protect Merritt from any further trouble.

Does Not Apply to Parochial Schools.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 17.—Assistant Attorney General Newell has given his opinion that the new law requiring the United States flag to be placed on public buildings and schoolhouses does not apply to so-called parochial schools or to Sunday schools under the charge of religious denominations where religious instruction is imparted.

Appointed by Gov. Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 15.—Governor Altgeld has appointed as trustees of the western insane hospital, created by the last general assembly, W. Seldon Gale, of Galesburg; John N. Eden, of Sullivan, and Thomas Silvas, of Rock Island. The location of the new asylum has not yet been determined upon.

Illinois Knights of Pythias.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 19.—The fourteenth annual encampment of the Illinois brigade uniform rank Knights of Pythias began at Camp Lincoln and will continue until Tuesday. General James A. Barkley, commanding the Illinois brigade, is in command, and there are about 1,500 knights in camp.

Fatal Fire at Algonquin, Ills.

ELGIN, Ills., Aug. 20.—Fire consumed a block of buildings at Algonquin. Two persons lost their lives and two others were seriously injured. The dead: F. D. Kasar, aged 30 years; Sylva Kasar, his daughter, aged 5 years. The injured: Mrs. Kasar, badly burned; James Philp, seriously burned.

Company Fired a Labor Leader.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Aug. 20.—One hundred and fifty employes of the Royal Mantel company went on a strike because of the discharge of one of their number who was a labor leader. The company is one of the strongest in the city, and never lost a day during the late panic.

Altgeld Appoints Trustees.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 19.—Governor Altgeld has appointed as trustees of the Asylum for Incurables, created by the Thirty-Ninth general assembly at Chicago, John Finley, of Peoria; N. C. Warren, of Rockford and Henry Alexander, of Joliet.

Notes of the State.

The Illinois board of labor arbitration has organized with Judge Thornton in the chair. Springfield will be headquarters.

The A. P. A. of Rockford, Ills., declared for "one country, one flag, one language and one code of laws" for the United States of America.

Thugs broke into St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church at LaSalle, Ills., and stole silver chalices worth together $500. The altar was completely wrecked.

Near Marion, Ills., Fred Hisholm shot and instantly killed William Malke and William Reed with a double-barreled shotgun. It was the result of a quarrel over a game of cards.

A general campmeeting of the Advent Christian sect is being held on the college campus at Mendota, Ills. A large assembly tent and more than fifty family tents have been raised.

Peculiar Accident to a Boy.

SALEM, O., Aug. 19.—A singular explosion of an empty alcohol barrel occurred at the house of W. G. Bentley, which blew his boy in the top of a pear tree, from which he fell senseless. His face was burned to a blister, and his hair was singed off. The barrel had been exposed to the sun, setting on the spigot end. Gas generated from the alcohol in the wood. The boy had just seated himself on the barrel when the explosion occurred. It is feared he cannot recover.

Mother and Child Drowned.

GRAND HAVEN, Mich., Aug. 19.—The wife and little son of Arthur Francis, of Englewood, Ills., were accidently drowned in Spring lake. The child was in bathing and got beyond his depth when the mother went to his rescue and both were drowned.

HEARNES INDICTED FOR MURDER.

Man and Wife to Stand Trial for Killing the Woman's Former Husband.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Aug. 19.—Few spectators were present when the court of common pleas convened to receive a report of the grand jury which has been in continuous session for nearly three months investigating the celebrated Stillwell murder case. The report was an indictment for murder, and Sheriff Pratt repaired to the residence of William Perkins, at whose home the Hearnes were staying, and placed Dr. Hearne and wife under arrest, charged with the murder of A. J. Stillwell on the night of Dec. 28, 1888. The indictment was for murder in the first degree, and the case is not therefore bailable. The sheriff took the prisoners to Palmyra by private conveyance. They were lodged in separate cells on different floors, and will not be permitted to see or talk to each other.

Amos J. Stillwell was murdered in his bed on the night of Dec. 28, 1888. The assassin used an ax to destroy his life. The position of things in the room showed that the victim had not awakened when assaulted, although the body had been afterward placed in a posture to indicate a struggle. A few false traces had been arranged to lead to the belief that burglary was the object, but the theory was soon advanced, and has still been maintained, that there was a deeper motive. Mrs. Stillwell, who had slept in another bed in the same room, could not give a satisfactory account of the tragedy.

Richard Stillwell, a stepson of Mrs. Stillwell, testified recently that his stepmother had been criminally intimate with Dr. Hearne. Hhowever may this be, Hannibal people still talk of her marriage with Dr. Hearne in less than a year after her husband's murder. The couple went to St. Joseph, Mo., to live, thence to San Diego, Cal. Here Mrs. Stillwell sued Dr. Hearne for a divorce July 25, 1894, and threatened him if he opposed her. He made no opposition. The decree was granted Aug. 10. For some reason the couple remarried Sept. 22, 1894.

FATAL CHURCH RIOT.

Result of a Factional Fight at St. Joseph, Mo.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 20.—There was a riot at St. Peter and St. Paul's Catholic church on Messanie street and as a result one man was fatally injured and six others are badly used up, the injuries of two being serious. The fatally injured is: Charles Weirzyorek. The seriously injured: Tony Fordyce, Simon Wagon.

There is a faction of the church opposed to the priest, and these men attempted to break up the services. Several arrests have been made, but the ringleaders succeeded in getting away. The police, fearing a renewal of hostilities, are guarding the church property. The conflict was short but severe. The first blows evoked the screams of the women in the congregation, and soon after the screams brought in the police, and with the advent of the bluecoats the belligerents scattered, leaving a half dozen behind who were too badly injured to move.

The Last of Holmes' Castle.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—H. H. Holmes' "Castle," at Sixty-third and Wallace streets, which is said to have been the scene of numerous murders by the owner, caught fire this morning, and the interior was entirely consumed. Loss, about $15,000.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange easy, with actual business in bankers' bills at 489½@490¾ for demand and 486¼@486¾ for sixty day; posted rates 490@491; commercial bills, 485½@485¾.

Silver certificates 66¾; no sales; bar silver, 66¾. Mexican dollars, 53¼.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 121½; do. coupons, 121¼; 5's reg., 113½; 5's coupons, 113½; 4's reg., 112; 4's coupons, 112¾; 2's reg., 93½; Pacific 6's of '95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened 66c, closed 64¾c; September, opened 66¾c, closed 65c; December, opened 68¾c, closed 67¾c. Corn—August, nominal, closed 30c; September, opened 30¼c, closed 30½c; December, opened 33¼c, closed 31¾c; May, opened 32¾c, closed 32¾c. Oats—August, nominal, closed 20¼c; September, opened 21c, closed 20¾c; May, opened 24c, closed 23¾c. Pork—September, opened $9.95, closed $10.00; January, opened $10.40, closed $10.37½. Lard—September, opened $6.15, closed $6.17½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 19@19½c per lb; extra dairy, 16½c; packing stock, 6½@8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 10½c per lb; hens, 9c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, 8@9c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $3.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Ohio, 30@37c per bu. New apples—75c@$1.75 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13@14c; brown comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; sales ranged at $3.10@4.55 pigs, $4.50@5.00 light, $4.30@4.40 rough packing, $4.30@4.90 mixed, and $4.45@4.85 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 22,000; quotations ranged at $1.80@5.95 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.75@5.45 good to choice do., $4.15@4.85 fair to good, $3.60@4.05 common to medium do., $3.40@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.40@3.05 stockers, $3.30@4.00 feeders, $1.50@3.70 cows, $2.50@4.40 heifers, $2.00@3.30 bulls, $2.60@4.25 Texas steers, $3.35@4.70 western range steers, and $2.30@3.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; sales ranged at $2.30@3.30 westerns, $2.00@3.10 Texans, $1.75@4.75 natives, and $2.75@5.40 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Aug. 19.

Hogs—Receipts 9,400; trade was easy; good corn Yorkers, $5.00@5.15; grass do., $4.75@5.00; best heavy, $4.85@4.95; Michigan heavy, $4.75@4.80; pigs, $4.50@5.00; some very common grass do., $4.00@4.25. Cattle—Receipts, 4,800; export and shipping steers 10@15c higher than last Monday; good butcher's cattle steady; all kinds common cattle and stockers and feeders 10@30c lower. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 14,000; lambs stronger, sheep barely steady; best export sheep, $3.50, fair to good do, $3.00@3.25; best 85@100-lb do., $2.80@3.00; handy selected wethers, $2.60@2.85; fair to good sheep $1.50@2.50; best lambs, $4.50@4.75; fair to good do., $3.50@4.25. Calves, best, $3.00@7.00; fair to good light calves, $4.50@5.50.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 19.

Wheat—Cash, 66c; August, 64½@64¾c; September, 65¾@65¾c; December, 67¾c. Corn—Cash, 30½c; August, 30½c; September, 30¾c; December, 28c. Oats—Cash, 21c; August, 21c; September, 21½c; May, 25½c.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 19.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 64½c; No. 1 northern, 66c; September, 64¾c. Corn—No. 3, 30c. Oats—No. 2 white, 24½c; No. 3 white, 23@24½c. Barley—No. 2, 44½c; samples, 39@40c. Rye—No. 1, 46½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Aug. 14.

George P. Tinker, a compositor on the New Orleans Times-Democrat, set 81,041 ems in eight hours on a Unotype machine.

Mrs. Carrie Boub committed suicide at Cullman, Ala., by boiling a box of matches and drinking the decoction.

Miss Jennie Lewis, a domestic employed in the family of Rev. George Moar, of Oakland, Cala., was shot and fatally wounded by a man supposed to be Louis F. Muhlner, a jilted lover.

Frank Patty has been arrested at Helena, Ark., for the murder of William McVicker in St. Francis county in 1894.

Simon Wormser, head of the great New York banking firm, died intestate. The very lowest estimate places his estate at something less than $3,000,000.

Milwaukee brewers have made a proposition to the State Agricultural society, offering to donate $3,000 to the state fair fund provided beer is allowed on the grounds during the state fair.

Defaulting State Treasurer W. W. Taylor, of South Dakota, has pleaded guilty to the embezzlement of $367,023 84.

Louisville saloonkeepers will suspend the free lunch during the G. A. R. encampment.

Thursday, Aug. 15.

The whisky trust property has been sold at auction, the place being the Chicago court house and the auctioneer Receiver McNulta. The "reorganization committee" bought the property for $9,800,000.

Six of the eight aldermen in Denver were nearly mobbed for voting the way the mob thought was wrong on the water question. It was threatened that at the next election a council would be elected that would confiscate the property of the water works company. Three of the six aldermen were escorted home by the police. The other three were taken to the station, where they took the first train out of the state.

General Harrison's portrait by Eastman Johnson has been received at Washington and will be hung in the gallery of ex-presidents. It represents Harrison standing by a table with his right hand on the table and left hand on his hip.

The business portion of Pikeville, Tenn., was destroyed by fire. Only one store is left standing. Loss, $33,000; insurance, $600.

Friday, Aug. 16.

Thomas Hovenden, the famous Philadelphia artist, was killed by a freight train while trying to rescue a 10-year-old girl. Hovenden's "Breaking Home Ties" attracted great attention at the World's fair.

The report from Japan is that cholera is working frightful havoc, among the soldiers especially.

Jim Corbett has married the woman who was co-respondent in his late wife's successful divorce suit.

Emmett Divers, a negro who some time ago outraged and murdered a white woman near Fulton, Mo., was taken to that place by the sheriff and lynched by the inevitable mob.

The United States court at San Francisco has dismissed the indictment against C. P. Huntington, president of the Union Pacific Railroad company, for issuing an interstate pass.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

The commercial law convention closed at Detroit with the organization of the Commercial Law League of America. W. C. Sprague, of Detroit, is president; George S. Hull, of New York, secretary, and E. W. Sumerwell, of New York, treasurer.

George Gough and John P. Anderson, the hospital attendants at Chicago charged with kicking a patient to death, have been held without bail.

Mrs. Callie Harrill and her two grown daughters were burned to death in the fire that consumed their home near Arlington, Tenn.

The Bald Ridge Invistigation company, of Springfield, O., with about 300 members scattered from New York city to California, is trying to secure the $400,000,000 Holmes estate in England.

Fire destroyed the Sherman seven-story distillery at Leavenworth, Kas. Loss, $110,000.

Two Georgia women have secured government permits to establish peach brandy distilleries.

A life of Queen Victoria is being prepared by a lady in whom the queen has full confidence and in whose hands all the materials have been placed.

Monday, Aug. 19.

Another jury has disagreed in the case of Duestrow, the millionaire of St. Louis who killed his wife and child a year ago and who has now had two trials.

Minister Ransom has been decided irregularly appointed to be minister to Mexico because he was a United States senator at the time of appointment. He will be reappointed, and that will remedy the trouble.

Six bad citizens, one a wife murderer, got out of the Toledo (O.) jail by holding up a turnkey. One of the fugitives was soon recaptured, but the others are at large.

The drought in the vicinity of Marshalltown, Ia., has been broken by a deluging rain.

State Senator Charles A. Porter, of Pennsylvania, has sued the Philadelphia Enquirer for libel and asks $100,000 damages for articles in the paper imputing rascality of various kinds to the senator.

A picnic party was attacked by a wild cat near Benton Springs, Tenn., and four persons were badly injured. Miss Julia Smith, after a desperate fight with the animal, killed it with a club.

Indigestion

Tortured me; I was run down, had no appetite and could not sleep. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken a fourth of a bottle I was very much better. I also used Hood's Pills and found them splendid, very mild, yet effective. Since using two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills occasionally. I eat and sleep well and can work with ease."

ANNIE C. LANTZ, Belleville, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood-Purifier.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

DEATH VALLEY.

A broad plain stretching westward dry and dun,
Sparse vegetation baking in the sun,
And mountain ranges farther to the west
With white snow masses on each lofty crest,
Except when turned to rosy tints at morn,
Or glowing blood red just ere night is born.

No shade to soften heats or sun's fierce wrath,
Lizards and scorpions in the dusty path,
Where giant spiders like gray shadows swarm—
Each a small devil with misshapen form—
The yellow rattlesnake coiled low where meet
The bowlder's shadow and the sun's white heat.

At night strange reptiles crawl 'neath pallid moon,
Squat toads and insects join in tuneless rune,
While coyotes howl and heats are scarcely less
Than in the noonday glare so shadowless;
A world of dust and sand, low shrubs and stones,
And 'mid them, gleaming white, bleached skulls and bones.

The red Apache o'er it sweeps sometimes
To re-enforce its horrors with his crimes,
Or Mexicanos, on some sweeping raid,
Add to its corpses with their bandit trade,
Within its silences their rifles crash,
In its sun glares their crimson knife blades flash.

Too oft enacted on this scenic stage
Are dramas red with gore and fierce with rage,
Men monsters vying with the reptile horde—
Their stings the bullet or relentless sword,
Death valley, where the drought and hot sun's breath
Turn skies to brass and shrivel life in death!
—I. Edgar Jones in Boston Transcript.

SAVED BY A SQUAW.

I regret that the heroine of this story did not have a more romantic or musical name than "Gumboots Jane." Had it been Fawnfoot or Stareyes it would have been more pleasing to romantic people, and the imagination might more easily picture her as a "maiden of the forest," worthy of companionship with those fair creatures met with in the writings of J. Fenimore Cooper and other regulation frontier stories. But as I am simply giving a sketch from real life I must take the names and characters as I found them.

Truth also compels me to state that she was no great beauty, a fact I the more deeply deplore because all other heroines met with in Indian stories, from the lovely daughter of Powhatan up to the present time, so far as I know, were without exception perfect paragons of native grace and loveliness.

The heroine of this story appeared at French Bar, a mining camp on the Stickeen river, one day in the summer of 1881. She wore a pair of rubber boots much too large for her, and as her skirts were rather short they were quite conspicuous. Now, miners have a way of readily coining nicknames for those with whom they come in contact, and as if by common consent she was at once called "Gumboots Jane." The rest of her apparel consisted of a waist improvised from a man's blue woolen shirt, a skirt of some kind of brown material, a cheap shawl and a rather dirty looking silk handkerchief tied over her head. The girl was about 16 years old, and although no beauty, she was not positively ugly. She had a pleasant face, a well formed mouth and pretty white teeth, which she seemed to like to show when she smiled. But her eyes were the most attractive of her features. They were large, dark and dreamy, and shone with a soft light that made them almost beautiful.

The Indians of southeastern Alaska and British Columbia are far different from those of other parts of North America in disposition and habits of life. They are intelligent, vivacious, industrious and very sociable. They have but little of the stoicism and vagrant ways of the tribes of the western plains and readily adopt our habits of life and style of dress. By hunting fur bearing animals and working in the mines and fisheries they make a good deal of money. They also conduct quite a profitable trade in curios with tourists who visit this "land of the midnight sun" in summer. When out hunting or at work, of course they wear rough clothing, but when visiting with each other at neighboring villages, participating in the festivities of their frequent dances and "potlaches," or attending church on Sundays, they dress about as well as the white people.

French Bar is situated in British territory at the intersection of the Stickeen river and Beaver creek, not far from Telegraph creek, which is the head of steamboat navigation for miners and supplies going into the celebrated Cassiar mining district. The "pay dirt" there was neither extensive nor rich, and at the time of which I am writing the camp contained only 16 men. As it rained frequently during that season and was always cool of nights they lived in snug little log cabins, making a village just at the mouth of Beaver creek canyon. Two miners occupied a cabin together and owned and worked their claim as equal partners, affectionately calling each other "pards." They subsisted from a common supply of provisions, took regular turns at cooking and doing their chores and slept in the same bunk.

Dan Nolan was a member of the camp that summer. He was young and boyish looking, but his manly demeanor, his ready wit, industrious habits and accommodating disposition made him a great favorite with his companions. He was brought up in Dublin and considered that city his home, as his mother and only sister, to whom he sent part of each month's earnings, still lived there.

Of course he was not called Dan Nolan, for miners find nicknames for their favorites as well as for others, and though not selected with any regard for esthetics or euphony they are generally expressive and often very appropriate. So Dan was known by the more alliterative name of "Dublin Dan." His pard was called "Joaquin" Jones. When he first came to the Bar, he said his name was Jones, but as he had a copy of "Sons of the Sierras," which he read and quoted from with great freedom and frequency, he very soon got "Joaquin" as a front name. It was rumored that he had a history in Arizona and was a bad man when roused. No one inquired concerning his real name, since in the far west it is often taken as a personal insult to ask a man what his name in "the States" was.

The first time Jane came to French Bar another squaw, a good deal older and much less comely, who I afterward learned was her mother, accompanied her. If she had any other relatives, I never heard of them. I did in some way hear that she had attended the McFarland school at Fort Wrangell, Alaska, but never knew certainly whether the report was true or not. Still, as she spoke English pretty well, it is very probable she learned it there.

The Stickeen Indians, the tribe to which Jane belonged, claim the whole Stickeen river region, extending back something like 50 miles into the interior, as their country. But they do not use the upper portion of it except for fishing, hunting and gathering berries in the spring and summer, for in the winter they reside on the Alaskan coast and the numerous islands near the mouth of the river in the vicinity of Fort Wrangell, where they have permanent villages.

Most delicious salmon berries and two or three kinds of huckleberries grow in great abundance along the river, and during the time covered by this story a small party of natives were camped on it a few miles above our camp, engaged principally in picking them. Jane and her mother were with this party, and almost every day some of the squaws would bring down berries in variety to sell to the miners. One night soon after Jane made her first appearance at the bar it rained very hard, causing Beaver creek, from which we took our water for mining purposes, to rise unusually high and flood our main flume to such an extent that it broke. This stopped work until the break could be repaired. Part of the men, therefore, went up early in the morning to mend the flume, while the others lounged about the camp and the bar, talking, smoking and doing odd chores, waiting to begin work as soon as thy could get water for their sluiceboxes.

Dublin Dan and four or five others were sitting on a large hemlock log near the camp, talking and smoking to kill time, when Jane came along the path by the log with a basket of berries. As she came in front of a fellow known in camp as Jack of Clubs, because of a supposed resemblance to that rather notorious knave, he suddenly put out his foot. As she was walking pretty fast she tripped and fell headlong down a steep bank seven or eight feet on to some rocks below, spilling the berries and smashing the basket in the fall.

Now, I do not think that Jack intended to throw the girl down the bank, but he did not have that quality of manhood which prompts a noble nature to admit a wrong, and he was inclined to make a joke of the matter. But as Jane lay where she fell Dan quickly leaped down and picked her up with gentle hands. He wrapped his silk handkerchief around her hand, which was bleeding freely from a cut made by the sharp rocks. He picked up her basket, spoke kindly to her and gave her $1 to pay for the spilled berries. Fortunately she was not seriously hurt, and after thanking Dan and giving him a grateful look she went down to the river and joined her mother.

When Dan came back to where the men were, he looked angry and said to Jack, "Ye blackguard, ye ought to be ashamed to do a thing loike that!"

Jack said he had no thought of hurting the girl, but just meant to scare her a little, and to turn it off tried to joke Dan for the interest he took in her. Seeing that Jack was not disposed to have any quarrel, Dan's good humor soon asserted itself and the affair ended without further trouble.

In a short time afterward the men went to work as usual, and in the excitement of mining life this little incident was forgotten by all but Dan. As several days passed and the girl did not come there any more, he began to wonder if her absence was due to injuries received by her fall, and he resolved in his own mind if such were the case he would take the first opportunity to pick a quarrel and whip Jack for it. After about a week, however, one morning Jane appeared again at the camp. But how changed in appearance! At first no one recognized her. She was very neatly dressed in every way, and the gum boots were replaced by a nice pair of shoes; her black hair hung down her back in two heavy plaits, the ends being joined with a bow of pink ribbon. In her new suit she was quite picturesque and pleasing, and it was not surprising that she was not at first recognized as "Gumboots Jane."

But what had wrought this wondrous change in so short a time? Had that strange magic called love, which can suddenly transform the girl into a woman and the woman into a heroine, ready to do and dare anything for her lover, touched her heart? Perhaps so. At any rate it is certain that Dan's kind actions and words of sympathy made a deep impression upon this simple girl. Still, she was more bashful and shy toward him than she had been before she was hurt, for, while she came down to our camp almost every day, she hardly ever ventured within speaking distance of Dan, though she would often sit or stand where she could see him and anxiously watch him as long as she was unobserved or time would permit. But after this had been going on for a week or two he was much surprised one day by her walking straight up to him and without hesitation saying: "I like you. Bad Indian want to kill white man. Look out!" Before he recovered from his surprise or could say a word, she turned and walked rapidly away.

Dan thought over the matter and tried to reach some conclusion as to what she meant, without any definite result. But he decided that unless the girl knew of some danger either to him or his companions she would not have given this warning, and that it would be proper to tell them about it. That same day, however, a man called Scotty, from Nevada, was down at Buck's station on some business, and on his return brought news that caused considerable excitement at the bar and explained what Jane meant by her warning. He said there had been trouble between some Cassiar packers and Indians working for them, which had resulted in the packers killing one of the Indians. Now the natives of Alaska and the adjacent territory have a law, running back as far as their traditions reach, that when a member of one tribe kills a member of a different tribe the killing must be paid for with blankets or other property, or, if not, then it must be settled by human blood, and a life for a life is demanded. The tribe of the deceased will then kill one of the other tribe at the first opportunity. They do not seek the person who committed the homicide, but take the life of any member of his tribe that falls into their power.

When white men came into this country, the natives applied this sanguinary law to them, and it was well understood by all in our camp. We knew that one of our lives might have to pay for the native killed by the packers, and we therefore agreed to keep a vigilant watch for such danger.

For awhile we carried our guns with us down to the mines, and no man would go away from the camp any considerable distance alone. But as nothing more was heard of the matter our vigilance rapidly relaxed, and it was soon almost forgotten.

One morning Dan was at work on his claim. His partner had gone up the river for some purpose, and he was for the time being alone, with none of the other men even in sight. He was nervous and experienced a vague fear of impending danger. Just then he heard footsteps, and looking up saw Jane coming toward him. She came quite near and stopped between where he was and the woods that skirted the mountain far away. She did not speak nor even look at him. Her eyes were turned in the direction of the woods, and she stood as if listening.

This instead of allaying his nervousness increased it, and he wished he had brought his gun that morning. Then he thought he would speak to the girl and ask what she was looking for there, but at that moment he heard Joaquin's voice singing up the river, and his heart gave a great bound of joy as he turned to look for him. Almost simultaneously the report of a gun rang out upon the air, a shrill scream pierced his ears, and Jane tottered and fell almost at his feet. It required no examination to see that she was shot, and filled with terror Dan tenderly caught her up in his arms with all possible haste and bore her toward the camp. Joaquin overtook him on the way, and together they carried her into the cabin and gently laid her upon their bunk. Two or three other miners came in about that time, and it was only the work of a few seconds to open her clothing sufficiently to show the wound where the bullet had pierced her breast. They tried to stanch the flowing blood, and did all in their power to relieve her, but it was plain that she could live only a short time—perhaps a few moments.

Just then Scotty came in and asked in a low voice who did it. She heard him, and without moving or looking in his direction said: "Bad Indian wanted to kill Dan. I save him." Then she seemed about to sink and faintly asked for water. The water revived her a little, and she lay there calmly looking at the helpless men about her, but gave no signs of pain. She spoke the name of her mother, though not as if to call her. Perhaps she knew her mother was too far away to come in time. But she looked up at Dan as he stood at the bedside almost blinded by tears and a strange light was in her face. She was not beautiful in life, but as she lay there in the very grasp of death she had a beauty not of earth. She put out her poor little brown hand to Dan. He took it and folded it caressingly in both of his. Love is stronger than death. She looked intently at him with a soft smile on her lips and a tender light in her eyes as she whispered to him in her native tongue: "Yekeahway 'hatt kookanah eatigh" (I am happy to die for you). Then the light faded from her face, and the little brown hand lay limp and nerveless in Dan's. She was dead.—Warren Truitt in Detroit Free Press.

Tropical Downpours.

The intensity of genuine tropical rainfall is extraordinary. The rain appears to come down, not in separate drops, but in great sheets. In Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," writing of a heavy shower, amounting to 1.6 inches in six hours, which occurred during his stay in the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro, the author describes the sound produced by the drops falling on the innumerable leaves of the forest as very remarkable and says the noise was like the rushing of a great body of water and could be heard at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Dampier gives a lively picture of the rain at Gorgonia, off the coast of Panama, where, he says, when he and his men were drinking chocolate in the open air, it rained so heavily that some of them declared they could not empty their calabashes, for they could not drink up the water as fast as it fell into them. In many parts of the tropics rain is a remarkably regular phenomenon. At Rio de Janeiro it is said that it used to be the fashion in invitations for the afternoon to state whether the guests were to assemble before or after the thunderstorm which came on regularly every day at a particular hour.

At the government cinchona plantations in Jamaica, on Dec. 21, 1885, 11.80 inches of rain fell in 24 hours, but this measurement does not indicate the total fall, as a gauge when read at the usual hour of 7 a. m. was found full and overflowing. It is probable that unless care is taken to prevent this occuring many very heavy falls are not fully measured. On the crest of the Blue mountains, on the same plantations, 31.50 inches fell in one week, of which three days were fine.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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IS THIS A NATION OF GRUMBLERS?

A Hotel Man Says That Guests Here Are Extremely Hard to Please.

"Americans are said to be the best natured people in the world, and it is also often said that they will put up with more inconvenience and discomfort without grumbling than the people of other countries." So spoke a prominent hotel proprietor one evening last week. He went on: "I do not wish to contradict these broad statements only so far as they relate to our people and our hotels. We have by far the best hotels in the world, and this is no idle, Fourth of July boast, and yet of all the people on earth our own are the greatest grumblers and the most exacting after they have placed their names on a hotel register.

"To say that they simply want the earth is sometimes putting it mildly. They want not only that, but want a roof garden on top of it which will permit them to grab the moon. They want the best of rooms, food and drink, baths in every room, electric bells, speaking tubes, stationery and an amount of waiting on that to satisfy some of them would necessitate providing a 'front' for about every guest.

"And, then, if this is all made satisfactory, and there is nothing else to kick about, they kick about the charges. Now, one often hears comparisons made between this country and Europe, to the decided detriment of the United States. If anything goes wrong, it is immediately said that such a state of affairs would not be tolerated in Europe. But one will notice that unfavorable comparisons made between our hotels and those abroad are generally made by Americans who have never visited Europe. Europeans know better. We have the best hotels in the world, and those of London, Paris or Berlin are not to be compared with them. Enlightened foreigners will generally readily admit this themselves. Just now every guest we have wants a private bathroom, and no matter how full the house is feels aggrieved if it cannot be had. There is a man staying in the house who recently returned from Paris. While there he staid at the best or at least the highest priced hotel in the city. But no matter what he was willing to pay he could not get a private bath. He could not even get a bath on the same floor with his suit of rooms, but had to go down stairs to the hotel's public baths.

"Then, again, much has been said about the cost of living in this country compared with that abroad. The truth is, good living costs more in London and Paris than it does in New York. Of course I speak of the comparative prices of the really first class hotels and restaurants. I like to see our people go abroad, as when they get home they are, as a rule, far better satisfied with their own country than they were before, and especially with our hotels and modes of traveling."—New York Tribune.

The Last of the Garrison.

In the course of the giant struggle before Metz, a handful of chasseurs flung themselves into a small red roofed farmhouse, determined to sell their lives dearly. They barricaded the ground floor as strongly as they were able, and from the upper story opened fire on their assailants. For nearly two hours the Prussians were kept at bay. The storm of rifle bullets riddled the roof and upper walls, and finally, one by one, the chassepots were silenced. Concluding that the ammunition of the little stronghold had at length been exhausted, and prepared for a savage hand to hand tussle with the garrison, the Prussians burst through the barricade and effected an entrance.

To their amazement the ground floor was unoccupied save for a little girl of 5, who looked up into their faces with a smile of happy unconcern. She had been playing with her doll, and evidently thought that the heavy firing had been an odd new game which the "grown ups" had been having especially for her amusement. As the big blue eyed sergeant caught her up in his arms and kissed her, she asked, with an air of disappointment, why they had stopped the pretty "boom boom." Through the terrible death wrestle of two mighty nations this happy little house mother had been pleasantly absorbed in family cares. The wrath of kings, the savagery of ancient race hatreds, were things she could not understand, even the hurricane of fire and lead had seemed to her but such strange elemental music as the wren in its nest hears when a thunder shower sweeps over the woodland.

A ladder led to the upper floor of the farmhouse, and when the conquerors ascended they found among the wreckage of shattered roof and crumbling walls the rest of the garrison—no more than nine in all—lying dead. Beside them lay the mother of the child, with a chassepot still clutched in her hand.—Good Words.

Rossini's Memory.

Rossini's memory was lacking in retentiveness, especially in respect to the names of persons who had been introduced to him. This forgetfulness was frequently a cause of amusement whenever Rossini was among company. One day he met Bishop, the English composer. Rossini knew the face well enough, and at once greeted him. "Ah, my dear Mr."— but the name escaped his memory, and to convince him that he had not forgotten him Rossini began whistling Bishop's glee, "When the Wind Blows," a compliment which "the English Mozart," as Bishop had been dubbed, recognized quite as readily as if his ecclesiastical surname had been mentioned.

Mme. Rostowska.

Mme. Rostowska of Lille, France, is 112 years old and a major's widow. She was the countess of a Polish regiment in the Russian campaign, was under fire 12 times, received three wounds and was decorated with the silver cross. Besides this, she has survived her 15 children, the last of whom she buried at the age of 80.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 24, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Case of Rebellious Susan."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Trilby."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Baba."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Genuine Gentleman."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Miss Gladys Wallis in "Fanchion."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Frohman's Empire Theatre Co.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"For Revenue Only."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Tornado."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

DR. TANNER AND THE ENGLISH.

That very original character, Dr. Tanner, M.P., whose patriotic eccentricities have given him an international reputation, created a scene in the British house of commons on Thursday of last week by making personal attacks on Joseph Chamberlain, whom he christened "Lord Orchid," and Timothy Harrington, M.P., whom he accused of want of veracity. Dr. Tanner, although a Protestant, was one of the Irish members who forsook Parnell in the hour of trouble—something he had less excuse for than his Catholic colleagues, many of whom were actuated by moral scruples, on account of the divorce court revelations. The Doctor carries his ill feeling toward the late leader around with him, and visits it on the Redmondites, of whom Mr. Harrington is one of the most prominent. The whole trouble arose out of John Redmond's remarks on the motion of Sir Richard Webster, Tory member for the Isle of Wight division of Hampshire, and formerly attorney-general, who moved that a certified copy of the trial and conviction of John Daly, "the dynamiter," who was recently elected to parliament, representing Limerick, although he was convicted in 1884 of having been engaged in dynamite conspiracies, be furnished to the house and that the governor of Portland prison present a certificate to the effect that Daly is still a prisoner in that prison. John Redmond, member for Waterford city, Parnellite, said that he recognized in the motion the first step in proceedings aiming at overriding the unanimous election of the electors of Limerick, and he protested against it and insisted upon a division. At the conclusion of Mr. Redmond's remarks Dr. Charles K. D. Tanner, member for the middle division of Cork, anti-Parnellite and one of the whips of the Irish Nationalist party, protested that it was unbecoming behavior upon the part of the gentlemen sitting near the Right Hon. A. L. Balfour, first lord of the treasury and conservative leader in the house of commons, to be 'sniggering' at Mr. Redmond's remarks. Sir Richard Webster's motion was finally carried by a vote of 314 to 77.

Dr. Tanner created quite a scene. He was intensely excited and said that before a decision in the Daly matter was arrived at he would call the attention of the house to the indecorous behavior of the gentleman who was the leader of the house and the gentlemen who sat beside him. Continuing, Dr. Tanner remarked that when men stand up and do their best for a poor man who is in prison that is no reasom who "the gentlemen sitting on the treasury benches should snigger and sneer in a way unbecoming of gentlemen or of members of the house." Dr. Tanner's remarks were interrupted by loud cries of "order!"

Timothy Harrington, in the course of some remarks, declared that the Liberal party had fled from home rule, whereupon Dr. Tanner shouted out: "A lie." Loud and indignant cries of "Order!" were heard from both sides of the house. Dr. Tanner declining to withdraw the expression, the speaker named him. The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies, moved that Dr. Tanner be suspended. A division was called for, but Dr. Tanner failed to find a teller, and the speaker declared the motion carried. Dr. Tanner was thereupon requested to withdraw, but he arose and addressed the speaker amid loud cries for order. The sergeant-at-arms walked up the floor of the house to where Dr. Tanner stood. Dr. Tanner then quitted the house, accompanied by the sergeant-at-arms, shouting all the way, "Judas." Upon retiring he made a courtly bow and exclaimed: "I have greater pleasure in leaving than I ever had in entering this dirty house." Then pointing to the treasury bench he again shouted "Judas." Arrived at the door he tried to turn back, but was prevented by the officials, his last words being: "None of your nonsense on me."

It strikes us as something rather lacking in dignity to have an Irish member call the lower body of the British legislature "a dirty house" and then, after being, so to speak, kicked out of said unclean premises return again to the putrid surroundings. The O'Donoghue, before he mortgaged himself to his Whig father-in-law, used to say "the English house of commons is no place for an Irish gentleman," and he was right. The English members have not changed their natures since they hooted O'Connell and insulted still more grossly William Smith O'Brien. They are, by nature, disagreeable fellows, stiff and sour on their own dung hill, and not disposed to treat any Irishman, however able, with common courtesy, unless absolutely forced to do so. They never met their match until Parnell and Joe Biggar arose, and the Irish will never amount to anything in London until they become as disagreeable to the English as the English are to them. They should convert the house of commons into a bear garden, as frequently as possible, in order to bring it into contempt; and then if they are kicked out of it, let them remain out, for, indeed, they are of no earthly use within its precincts—only to convey to the outer world the false idea that Ireland is "constitutionally" governed.

NOTICE.

Several editorials, and much matter of general and local interest, have been omitted from THE CITIZEN this week, because of pressure on space due to full report of the Ogden Grove Irish National Demonstration.

THE RASCAL SMALLEY.

That abominable party—once an American and now a kind of social and political What-is-it?—George W. Smalley, has been imitating a gorged buzzard again in the public prints on the Irish question. The creature is destitute of every sentiment of chivalry, or he could not fail to appreciate the generous intrepidity of gallant Limerick in returning the imprisoned John Daly as her representative in parliament. The citizens of Limerick could not have more unmistakably shown their contempt for British "law" and the British connection than by electing Daly, and every true Irishman applauds them for it. The charges against Daly were never proven, and, even if they were, the poor man has suffered enough—much more than any Englishman convicted of a similar offense, would have been called upon to endure. Smalley thinks the Irish members ought to cringe and fawn upon the Tories, as he himself is doing, but, fortunately, they are not so lost to honor and common decency as he is. "In the last parliament," says Smalley, "the English majority against home rule was 71, in the present parliament it is three or four times that. The plain policy of the Irish Nationalists is therefore to do what they can to convert the predominant partner. At least they need not wantonly offend English sentiment and increase English prejudice against them and their cause. But that is precisely what they begin by doing. They start out on dynamite and seventy-seven Irish Nationalists vote that Daly is a suitable member for Limerick and ought to be admitted to the house. Daly is a convicted and, beyond doubt, justly convicted dynamiter now languishing in a British dungeon. The whole body of Irish Home Rulers voted to transfer him from Portland prison, where he is usefully engaged in picking oakum, to the floor of the house of commons to help make laws for the British empire. They identify the cause of home rule with dynamite. Of course they are playing to the Irish gallery. Irish patriots choose to consider dynamite a legitimate political weapon. I say it is the English and not the Irish gallery which the Irish ought to play to. Their sole hope lies there, but they neglect this elementary obligation of practical politics in order to please their physical force party at home."

Smalley is a soulless, unfeeling wretch, or he would never write of a man, sick, helpless and imprisoned, as he has done about John Daly, who is a refined and educated man, much superior to the white-livered cur that now barks at him in the pages of American and British newspapers. The United Irish Societies did well to denounce the rascal at their gathering in Ogden Grove on Aug. 15, and yet the "critter" is hardly worth the powder. He is a very disgusting type of the American flunkey, who has been flattered into love of England and hatred of Ireland by the fraternal attentions of some English lord's valet.

IRELAND'S REPRESENTATION.

The awful overthrow of so-called Liberalism in England does not appear to have affected the spirits of the friends of Ireland in London, although what they can hope for from the British parliament is beyond our comprehension. Scotland lost ten Liberal seats in the late election, and Wales not a few, but Ireland's attitude as regards her demands for national self-government is unmistakable. A cablegram from London, dated Saturday, says:

"The friends of Ireland everywhere have reason to be grateful to the succession of events which, so far from tearing the Irish Nationalists asunder, seem to have drawn them more closely together. In the recent campaign Ireland not only held her own, but invaded the field of her enemies and captured two of their strongholds—two seats from Ulster Tories. Once again in Ulster there is a majority of representatives in favor of home rule. Ulster is no longer 'loyal' in the Tory sense. She is loyal in the Irish Nationalist sense, like Leinster and Munster and Connaught. Less is likely to be heard in the future about the divisions of Irish Nationalist. It looks now as if home rule was not so very dead after all, but very much alive and likely to be found 'kicking' at proper times and places. So far as the election has done anything, it has closed up the ranks which before the polling seemed badly divided. The Irish Nationalists will vote together on every question that concerns the interests of Ireland, and they will give the government a little trouble now and again in debate. It has been given out with some show of authority this week that the government will certainly reduce the representation of Ireland in the imperial parliament. That would mean the repeal of a leading clause in the Act of Union. It can be done, of course. What parliament has enacted, parliament can repeal. Mr. Gladstone himself has said that parliament is all-powerful. But to take that step would place the thick-and-thin supporters of a thorough union in a rather awkward position, which could be made increasingly awkward by the combined action of the Irish Nationalists. The new Irish secretary, Gerald Balfour, has coercion ready to his hand, but he might find some difficulty in using it."

The reduction of the Irish representation in the British parliament would be a flagrant violation of the so-called Act of Union—a measure fraudulent in its conception, fraudulent in its consummation and trebly fraudulent in its execution. It has been, is and will continue to be "a fraud, a nullity and a usurpation." Since the English consider the Irish representation too large, perhaps they may finally come to the conclusion of disfranchising Ireland altogether. This is what they would like to do, only that some lingering respect for appearances restrains them. As a matter of fact, it makes little difference to Ireland whether she has one representative in the British parliament, 103 as she has at present, or none at all, as may be the final result of the Tory policy.

TIM HEALY shook his fist at the Tories the other night in the house of commons, and said, "We are not overawed by your big majority. It represents the fluctuating spasms of British politics, while we, with increased representation, stand for the unchangeable forces of Irish nationality." Brave words, Tim, brave words, but, in the light of certain events, 'tis deeds not words we weigh. There was a time when 83 Irish Home Rulers, under the splendid leadership of Parnell, would have made the Tories howl.

THE Queen of England, who is, strange to say, at present Lord Salisbury, made no allusion whatever to Ireland in her (his) recent "speech." She (he) in addressing the house of commons merely remarked: "My Lords and Gentlemen—At this season of the year it will probably be found more convenient to defer to another session the consideration of any important legislative measures except those which are necessary to provide for the administrative charges of the year." Her (his) address to the Lords dealt exclusively with Chinese and Turkish subjects.

THE Tories have thrown down the gauntlet to Ireland in a manner bold and unmistakable. Gerald Balfour, brother of "Bloody" of that ilk, who wants to make a "reputation" as secretary for Ireland to serve his English political ambition, said, in reply to John Dillon's remarks on the Queen's speech, that he (Balfour) had only been in office for a month and could not be expected to give an exhaustive answer to all questions, but as to the home rule attitude of the government it would continue to be one of unchanging and inflexible opposition. He was not going to discuss the result of the election. The land question could only be dealt with by an entirely noncontentious bill and it would suffice if the bill were introduced next spring. The bill of Mr. Morley, chief secretary for Ireland in the Rosebery government, was not noncontentious, though the government could accept some of its provisions. Of course, his assertion of opposition to home rule was received with the usual prolonged cheers. Englishmen always cheer to the echo anything that sounds brutal and unbending. It is the nature of the beasts.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

WHAT HAVE YOU GAINED BY YOUR QUARRELS?

What have you gained by your quarrels,
Prestige, wealth, or fame—
Have you crowned Erin's brow with laurels,
Or twined her the weeds of shame?
Have you won from her foreign oppressor
The home rule you pledgd to gain—
Had she woes not enough to distress her
That you should add to the links of her chain?

Does the world approve of your actions—
Does the country you're sinking so low—
Your senseless warring of factions
In the face of a hostile foe?
Is the gain of a would-be leader
Above a nation's weal—
Is it better that millions should bleed, or
A paltry faction kneel?

What army when battle was pending
And war-clouds hang the skies,
Instead of its lines defending
In mutiny would dare to rise?
Was it certain destruction not seeking—
Would mankind its fate deplore
If its last false heart lay reeking
On the field in its traitorous gore?

Do you care for the blessing, the glory,
That Freedom bestows on the brave—
Would you rather see Erin still gory
And wearing the bonds of the slave?
Have you dashed from her lips ere she tasted
The cup of her hopes again—
Your forces expended and wasted
Alas! on yourselves in vain?

How long shall this rage of unreason
Blast the name and the hopes of our isle?
How long shall the blight of your treason
Deprive us of Liberty's smile?
Shall the fiend of Dissention forever
Enable the tyrant to reign—
Shall the angel of Union e'er sever
The links of our fetters in twain?

P. T. M.

MR. M. J. MURPHY'S NEW FIELD OF WORK.

Mr. M. J. Murphy, the popular singer, journalist and litterateur will take charge of Chauncey Olcott's tour in "Mavourneen" and "The Irish Artist" next month. It will be remembered that, for a year or more, Mr. Murphy was connected with the editor of THE CITIZEN in delivering lectures on Irish historical subjects. These lectures attracted wide attention, and would have been continued but for the fact that the interests of the editor of THE CITIZEN rendered it impossible for him to be long absent from Chicago on lecture tours, which necessarily consumed a great deal of time. THE CITIZEN requires his personal supervision, and, henceforth, he can only make occasional trips for the purpose of lecturing. If the lectures alluded to accomplished nothing more than the revival of Irish patriotic interest in the cities where they were delivered, it was time well spent. It is an unfortunate fact that, in general, Irish-Americans are not a lecture-loving people, and, in many places, the bulk of the audiences was made up of non-Irish Americans, who were desirous of learning something of the Irish question.

While a cessation of his efforts in the lecture field is much to be regretted, Mr. Murphy can still do excellent work in the field where he has labored before, that of Irish dramatic art. Much good work was done by him, for many years, in bringing forward plays and artists of a kind likely to elevate the standard of Irish drama and music in this country. William Ludwig's first tour through the country was arranged and managed by him, and among the many theatrical attractions piloted to success by him were "The Ivy Leaf," "The Fairy's Well," "Killarney" and "Harry Lacy."

As a journalistic writer, Mr. Murphy is well and favorably known to thousands of readers of Irish and Catholic papers, not only in this country, but in Europe and even in far-off Australia and New Zealand. His sketches of the living Irish authors served to make the people of this country familiar with the Irish literary movement now fast becoming a power in Great Britain and Ireland, and have attracted considerable attention and lent much prestige to his name.

Mr. Olcott's tour will begin in Massachusetts about the first of September, and he will be seen in most of the large cities during the season. "Mavourneen" and "The Irish Artist," both beautiful scenic plays, will be his repertoire and Mr. Murphy will be in advance of the company.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Through a special arrangement with Manager A. M. Palmer of New York, Manager Thomas W. Prior brings the famous play "Trilby" from Hooley's to the Schiller theatre for the final week of its representation in Chicago, beginning next Monday evening, Aug. 26. Manager Prior does not relinquish the lease of the Schiller till Sept. 1, and as "Little Robinson Crusoe" must be withdrawn after the performance this (Saturday) evening, the 24th inst., and will be produced in St. Louis the following (Sunday) night, Manager Prior has made it possible for the play-goers of Chicago to enjoy one more week of "Trilby." The great play will be presented with exactly the same cast, headed by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, in his realistic interpretation of Svengali. "Trilby" at the Schiller will in every respect be precisely the same, even to the smallest details, as that given for the last eight weeks at Hooley's.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

FROM MEMPHIS, TENN.

One of the largest gatherings of Irish-Americans that has taken place in Memphis since the old Land League days, was that on the night of Aug. 8 in Noonan's hall, No. 212 Main street, under the auspices of the Irish club, and the object was to get an expression of opinion from Memphis Irishmen as to whether they favored a continuance of the old home rule policy for Ireland or were in harmony with the New Movement, which will unquestionably adopt a more pronounced, independent and aggressive policy. The meeting was called to order by President Noonan, of the Irish club, who was elected chairman, and 'Squire Colbert was chosen secretary. It was a gathering of sincere, earnest men, and the result of their deliberations was the unanimous approval of the New Movement. It was gratifying to see the unanimity of all present relative to discarding the old method of appealing for justice to deaf ears. Without a solitary exception every member present expressed himself in favor of the New Movement and a more pronounced policy. Among those who spoke earnestly in its favor were R. D. Lee, M. Gavin, John T. Walsh, James Courtney, 'Squire Colbert, P. J. McNally, William Crotty, Daniel Lyne and John Noonan. The chairman appointed the following committee on resolutions: J. T. Walsh, R. D. Lee, Daniel Lyne and William Fitzgerald. They returned and presented the following, which, after considerable discussion, were adopted:

WHEREAS, The friends of Ireland in this country, and especially in the city of Memphis, have loyally for the past sixteen years supported the policy of constitutional agitation as the best method for redress of Irish wrongs; and,

WHEREAS, We have unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly during that period given it our moral and financial aid, and,

WHEREAS, We watched with feelings of gratification the movement as conducted by a united Irish party under the matchless leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, when the gallant sons of Ireland rallied to his banner and the sympathy of the liberty-loving people of the world were attracted by the justice of the cause and the admirable generalship of the hero who now sleeps in Glasnevin: and,

WHEREAS, Since his deposition and death we have closely followed, and with deep regret witnessed the deplorable spectacle of disunion and dissension among the parliamentary factions, the members of which had sworn to battle only for Ireland's good; and,

WHEREAS, We have seen with dismay the petty jealousies and ambitious schemes for personal preferment and aggrandizement that have characterized the careers of many so-called Irish leaders, which have resulted in making the sacred cause of Ireland a jest, a scoff and a by-word; and,

WHEREAS, The last hope for attaining justice for Ireland by parliamentary agitation and constitutional methods died when the inveterate enemies of Ireland, the Tory party, came into power, and the majority of British electors placed the seal of condemnation upon Irish home rule; therefore, be it

Resolved, By this assemblage of the Irishmen of Memphis, that we believe the time has come when Irish-Americans are justified in suggesting to their friends and kindred in the old land, that a more aggressive and independent policy should be adopted if Ireland expects to realize the boon of self-government or total independence; and, be it further

Resolved, That in our opinion there is little, if any, hope of attaining home rule by again appealing to England's blunted sense of justice and right, for that course has been fairly and repeatedly tried and found futile. The home rule policy has had a full, free and fair trial and has proved a dismal failure in accomplishing the desired result. Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we deplore the failure, and can see no hope in the future by a continuance of the old-line policy, we still believe that Ireland will eventually be able to regain her independence in the same manner as America and other nations have done when forced by tyranny and injustice to adopt heroic measures. And, be it further

Resolved, That we favor a national convention of Ireland's friends in this country, when a platform and policy may be framed and adopted that will meet with the views of a majority of delegates, and that said policy be submitted to the people of Ireland for approval if they wish the aid of Irish-Americans to regain their independence. We have been silent too long, while Irish parliamentarians have been sacrificing their country's cause in a disgraceful faction fight, which broadens and deepens as the years roll by. The time has come for plain speaking, and if we are to have no voice in framing the policy of Ireland, then Ireland may seek elsewhere for the financial, moral and physical support that we so freely tender her.

MODERN IRON-CLAD FIGHTS.

Attacks Upon the Motive Power and the Personnel.

A war-ship is vulnerable in two chief respects—in her motive power and in her personnel. It is imaginable that one might be wholly neutralized without materially injuring the other. The question, not only of today, but of a century's standing, is, Which is the better to attack in order to subdue the ship? In olden days the British habitually attacked the personnel, the French the motive power, and each was consistent; for the aim of the former was to insure decisive results, and that of the latter to avoid them. Each has had its advocates, and consequently there is something to be said on each side; but upon the whole it is, I think, fair to say that experience replies, Attack the men. And the reason is much the same as a hundred years ago; not only is it impossible to have the men as well protected as the motive power, but the destruction of the men who handle the offensive powers of the ship makes the motive power practically useless.

Now the weight which a ship of given size can carry is limited, and must be distributed among several objects, of which gun-power is one; and the question has to be met, How shall this gun-power be subdivided among the different classes of gun? If your aim is the motive power you want heavy guns; for the motive power—the engines and boilers—are given the utmost possible protection, by position, by the thickest armor, by the coal stowage, the protective deck, and so on, to pierce which great force is required. But heavy guns mean few guns, and few guns mean few shots, and few shots mean fewer hits; while of those that hit, if they strike the protective system of the engines, etc., fewer still penetrate, a truth long foreseen, yet very generally dropped out of sight, and which the Yalu battle has singularly confirmed.

On the other hand, the weight of armor required to protect the water-line adequately makes it impossible to extend by similar means adequate protection to the battery spaces, except only those occupied by the heavy guns; and even where these are adequately protected—impervious, that is, to the missiles from those lighter guns technically called "rapid-fire"—there can be no question that their accuracy of fire is singularly embarrassed. For that reason it is sought to aim and fire them from an exterior position—the conning-tower, for instance—a plan of which it is enough here to say that, except for the heaviest guns, it is tending to fall into disuse.

Considering the vast importance of securing the best practice from the heavy guns—for I am not at all arguing against them, only against their excessive number—it becomes necessary to beat down and keep down all the other fire of the enemy. If success in this is attained, a distinct and immense advantage is gained for the heavy guns over those of the enemy; for, if the rapid-fire guns which have established their ascendancy cannot penetrate the turrets, they can greatly annoy the men in them, and may enter the gun-ports. This superiority, if maintained, must result in victory. It has long seemed to me that the mutual relations of the heavy and rapid-fire guns of a ship have a strong analogy to a field battery of artillery and its infantry supports, the latter of which at once protect and secure the efficient service of the former. However that may be, the rapid-fire gun of moderate caliber has just now fairly established its position as the greatest offensive power in naval warfare.—"*Lessons from the Yalu Fight*," *by Capt. A. T. Mahan, in the August Century.*

THE IRISH SUNBURST CLUB.

Almost within hailing distance of the remains of the majestic palaces that formed what we were pleased to call "The White City," just two years ago, and under the cooling shade of the very same trees that lent the loveliness of rustic scenery to world-famed Jackson Park, the Sunburst Club will give a grand picnic on next Sunday, Aug. 25. This season the "Sunburst" took for its scene of fun and merry-making the popular and pleasantly-situated spot known as Columbia Grove, which extends along Stony Island avenue, from Sixty-seventh to Sixty-eighth streets. It is one of the most accessible picnic grounds on the South Side, being surrounded by five car lines. Admission may be effected either from Sixty-seventh or Sixty-eighth streets. The club officers always take strict precautions to see that no objectionable characters are ever admitted to the grounds, and no doubt but this excellent feature is one of the causes of their great success in the past. Admission will be only 25 cents, and it is evidently one of the grandest opportunities offered in a long time to spend a nice, enjoyable day with the warm-hearted and hospitable members of the Sunburst Club. The celebrated Munro orchestra has been engaged, and this, in addition to the many games on the day's programme, and the incidental pleasures of shady nooks and refreshment tables, will make it one of the most glorious days ever to be remembered in the pleasant recollections of by-gone days.

Think of This. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. It cures disease when all others fail, because it makes pure blood.

Hood's Pills cure jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all liver ills.

A Great Chance to Make Money!

I am having splendid success since I took your advice and started in the Dish Washer business. I never clear less than $10 a day, and have over $3,000 in bank now, made in this business during the last year. I can't see why every man or woman, that wants to accomplish anything, don't try this business. Before starting, I examined all the Dish Washers closely, but find the Climax much the best. You can get all needful information by addressing the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, and you can make from $10 to $20 a day anywhere, in town or country, as every family is anxious to have a Climax Dish Washer. You don't have to canvass. They do the work completely; you can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes without putting the hands in water, and being so cheap, every family will have one. There's millions in it! A READER.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Milton Nobles and stock company are attracting good sized audiences to Havlin's theatre, Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street. Next week Mr. Nobles will be seen in "For Revenue Only." A number of first-class vaudeville stars will also be added to the programme.

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Outonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

A REAL IRISH DAY.

Interesting Proceedings on Thursday, Aug. 15, at Ogden Grove—Irish Heroes Are Well Remembered.

The United Irish Societies Turn Out in Full Force and Make the Welkin Loudly Ring.

With Patriotic Sentiments, Uttered by Fervid Orators and Applauded by the Multitude.

Addresses by Messrs. Gallagher, O'Donnell, O'Neill Ryan and Graham.

Address of the Societies.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

during centuries made it a marvel that the national spirit had not been entirely extinguished. The love of the Irishman for his country was but intensified by oppression, his devotion to the church increased with persecution; stripped of all rights, political and material, robbed of all privileges religious and social, all opportunities for commercial advancement denied him, almost any other would would have sunk into the degradation, the lethargy of slavery; but not so the Irishman; there was that within his nature that lifted him beyond his condition, that soothed the rigors and lessened the tortures he endured. It was his spirit, his imagination, his soul. These could not be fettered, these could not be exiled, these could not be destroyed. He became intensely spiritual. He found in the consolations of the church, administered by stealth, the strength to endure, he found in the softened and yet exalted delights of his imagination a realm of beauty, and of peace, beyond the rude grasp of the invader; the rippling waters of his beloved streams told their story of brightness and purity; the enchanting loveliness of the vales chastened the ardor born of the rugged rocks and defiant cliffs; the gloom and solitude of glen and cavern, peopled with weird beings, and fabled heroes, awed his being only to be cheered by the sweet music of thrush and blackbird, that sang with heaven's sunlight on their wings, and glorious freedom in their notes; the great ocean that girt his isle murmured unceasingly the solemn pæan of Eternity.

It was his country, nor Dane nor Norman nor Saxon, nor Henry's greed nor Cromwell's sword, could rob him of his birthright. He was destined by God to illustrate, in their highest degree, the supremacy of the spiritual, the intellectual, over the material, the physical; and today, Ireland crushed, but not conquered, enthralled but not enslaved, is in spirit a nation; and to deny to such a people, with such a history, the most complete freedom, is to deny the manifest designs of the all-wise and beneficent, is to turn back the dial that has marked the progress of civilization; is to subvert justice and stem the march of the millions advancing to liberty.

It is not, as these people have shown, the mere advance in science and development of material interests, that make a nation. Nay, the danger lies, and we are not free from it here, in too great application to the selfish and material, destroying, or at least devitalizing the national spirit. Commerce is prudent, wealth is conservative; the abstract and yet vital questions of individual rights, of human liberty, are oft-times forgotten in the struggle for moneyed supremacy. It has been well said we may worship property under the guise of liberty, and so far from the masses of the people who struggle for mere existence being the socialists, the communists, they are the leaven in the political loaf, they are the ones who having little else than their homes and their liberties, are willing to die for both; to die in defense of the republican institutions that, properly administered, guarantee them against unjust encroachments of wealth, the intolerant abuse of power, and the perversion of civil and religious rights. The state means the people and every peasant that tills the soil, every laborer that earns his bread in the sweat of his face has the same rights and stands in equal dignity before the law, as the mightiest or the richest in the land.

It is conviction in these principles, and sturdy adherence to them, that make the Irishmen who are citizens of this great nation worthy of its protection and unswerving in their allegiance; that make them consistent believers in the right understanding of the "equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," that make them assert for themselves, as they would guarantee to all others, the right to freely enjoy the fruits of their labors, to rear their children in the precepts of their fathers, to participate lawfully in the government of the country, and to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. The speaker reviewed the legislative history of Ireland, the events leading to the Declaration of Rights in 1782 and the independence forced from the British government by the Volunteers, the fatal mistake that absolute separation was not then demanded—paid a tribute to the heroism and patriotism of the Protestants who were dominant during the period of legislative independence—showed the remarkable material advances make by Ireland during the brief interval and the corrupt and coercive means used by the English government to bring about the Act of Union when the glory of 1782 became the tragedy of 1800.

Although the people were then crushed their spirits broken, and it seemed worse than useless to attempt to arouse them to renewed effort, yet from the very ashes of their suffering had arisen the Eagle of their hopes and Ireland gave to history and liberty Robert Emmet. He worked swiftly, bravely and masterfully, but his plans were betrayed, a premature attack was followed by capture, the farce of trial, conviction and death.

The speaker continued: I have stood in that historic building, the old courthouse in Green street, have seen the dungeon from which Emmet emerged, and the dock in which he stood, when he bequeathed to posterity, in words of undying eloquence, the heritage of his country's honor, of his epitaph, when he justified his conduct, not to escape its penalty; nay, he invited his doom by his defense, but to assert his principles, to maintain his honor, to repel the base calumnies of his prosecutors, to show to the world the righteousness of his country's cause; to appeal from British law to Divine Justice. His spirit and his words went beyond the confines of that prison house. The arena of his action became the theatre of human conduct for human liberty, his voice was prophecy, his audience posterity. His tones were not sad with lamentation, but vibrant with hope, he asked not the mercy of his judges, he invoked the valor of his countrymen, he left it to other times and other men to vindicate his conduct and his cause, for he had sought to "procure for his country the guarantee which Washington procured for America." He yielded his young life upon the scaffold, where his body lies no man knows, but his memory is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Ryan then traced the events commencing with this century the agitation for emancipation and repeal, under O'Connell, the revolt from his leadership by the Young Ireland party, the movement of '48 that ended in the dungeon, the dock and exile. Again the lull, and again the storm when Fenianism had planted the seed of sedition in the very ranks of the English army, with the result of another uprising followed by dock and scaffold, and with the fall of Fenianism went down the established church in Ireland. (Great applause.)

Agitation was again resumed under Butt, and, later, the inflexible resourceful Parnell, who had shown rare qualities peculiarly fitting him for leadership of his race in such a movement, whose strength and immensity was due to the work in America of the men who believed in revolution but who were willing to yield, for the time being, their personal convictions, to aid in a movement that promised material aid to the people in their struggle for independence. These were the men who organized the great meetings in the United States and contributed the bulk of the money that had flowed across the Atlantic like another gulf stream warming and enriching. It was after they had done these things and made the movement powerful and popular that the men who would now assume all right to speak for the Irish in America came to the front ranks and sat on platforms and signed resolutions.

The first great convention of that movement and of the Irish race in America had been held in Chicago—called and opened by an eloquent and uncompromising rebel journalist when Alexander Sullivan, the most abused and best loved of our race, spoke for unity and tolerance, and the gifted and patriotic George C. Betts, a Protestant clergyman, presided over a body of men composed in large part of Catholic priests, endorsing the principle that the platform of Irish nationality is broad enough and strong enough for Catholic and Protestant.

The men now looked with almost despair on events transpiring on the other side—Ireland torn by factions, her representatives dishonored and discredited, her appeal for justice scarce listened to by Rosebery and overwhelmingly denied by the English electors and all this after more than fifteen years of preaching and proselyting, of teaching the doctrines of peace and justice, and appealing for a "union of hearts." No wonder the men here say with John Mitchel, "I am sick of agitation." No wonder they say to Redmondite and McCarthyite "A plague on both your houses." No wonder, if they turn with hope and spirit to the memories of the O'Neill and the O'Donnell and the teachings of Tone, that their hearts glow and their hands tremble for rifle and blade when they hear the names of Fitzgerald and Emmet. (Loud applause.)

Ireland is fast verifying the prediction of Lord Carlisle and becoming a mere grazing ground. Statistics show a decrease in the population of nearly a million a decade during the past half century. Better that they should perish on the field of battle than sink starving into a serf's grave. Let them listen to the words of Emmet; if apt then, they seem doubly significant now: "I acted as an Irishman determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide, for the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and of conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism." (Applause.)

I sometimes almost lose faith—not in the cause but in the men and measure. The cause cannot perish, for it is linked inseparably with the genius, virtues and traditions of the race. It is the cause of Eternal Justice. It has survived the scourge and the scaffold, famine and exile, and the spirit yet lives in the glens and vales on the mountains and by the streams of the old land. Let the men there but speak, and the answer here will be prompt. Let us but feel that they are united, and bold, and we will give them even as we never gave before. Let them speak but with no uncertain tones, they cannot make their condition worse; the world will respect them more if they demand their rights. A people's voice in this age of civilization cannot be heard demanding liberty without the answer, "It shall be yours." (Applause.)

In a few weeks another great convention of our race will be held here in Chicago which will undoubtedly pronounce in unmistakable terms the sentiments and hopes of the Irish Nationalists of America (cheers and applause)—and they will be ready to act;—but ere they act they should know that Ireland speaks, not a faction but the people; not a class but the men racy of the soil; not a province but the Nation, for a Nation she is rightfully if not politically. (Renewed applause.)

Men of Ireland, let but the word come across the storm-tossed waters of the Atlantic, and the men here in America will give to you their money and their lives that Ireland may take her place among the nations of the earth. (Continued applause.)

Hon. James Graham's Speech.

Mr. Graham was then introduced, and after an eloquent exordium, proceeded thus:

Bear in mind that the system of laws, which has become infamous under the name of the Penal Code, was not the result of a spasm of passion, or temporary fit of fury. It was prepared and developed with the utmost care and deliberation. It was brimful of intelligent purpose; of malice aforethought. "It required," says Lecky, "four or five reigns to elaborate a system so ingeniously contrived to demoralize, degrade and impoverish the people of Ireland." "It was framed," says Gookin, "with almost diabolical ingenuity to extinguish natural affection, to foster perfidy and hypocrisy, to petrify conscience, to perpetuate brutal ignorance, and to facilitate the work of tyranny." Even the eloquence of Burke does not do full justice to its intelligent malice when he calls it "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." A celebrated Frenchman said of it that it should have been written by devils and registered in hell. It was the farthest they could go. It was the worst they could do. But it is gone—it is dead; and the Irish are still there and very much alive. (Applause.)

One thing, however, it did accomplish: It covered the face of the earth with the sons and daughters of Ireland, and their descendants. It drove them to Spain, to France, to Austria and even to Russia; to the West Indies, and last, but certainly not least, to the North American colonies; but of course it paralyzed the energies and the intellects of those who remained at home. Let Macaulay tell it; he will not be suspected of partiality to the Irish. He says "Irishmen of great ability, education and energy were to be found in every portion of Europe except Ireland. At Versailles, at St. Ildefonso, at the court of Maria Theresa. There were Irish prime ministers in Spain; Irish marshals in France. Scattered through Europe were brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomats, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish knights of the Order of St. Louis, of St. Leopold, and of the White Eagle and the Golden Fleece. But had they remained in the land of their birth they could not have been ensigns in marching regiments." And he might have added that they could not have been judges, jurors sheriffs, clerks, lawyers, agents, soldiers, or even gamekeepers.

We all recall Webster's famous apostrophe to British power, which, he said, had dotted the surface of the globe with her possessions and military posts, and whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." Let us not forget, in that connection, that her brutal policy has forced the sons and daughters of Ireland to seek homes wherever her drum beats, or her martial music is heard; and that they bring with them and bequeath to their children bitter memories of the terrible crimes she has committed against their race and that she finds in them quick, ready and vigorous enemies of her policy and her flag. (Applause). At various times and places she has met these exiles or their descendants, and she generally had cause to remember the meeting. (Renewed applause).

Away back in 1692, just after her ruthless violation of the solemn treaty of Limerick, she met them on the glorious field of Steenkirk, where they wrung from her grasp the fruits of a complete surprise she gave the French army, and turned her promised victory into crushing defeat. (Applause. She met them again a year later at Landen, where they sent her flag trailing in defeat and exultingly shouted a warning in the ears of her retreating legions to "Remember Limerick." And she met them yet again at Fontenoy (applause)—famed Fontenoy—where, in the very moment of victory, they wrung from her grasp a triumph that would have covered her arms with glory, a triumph that

"Had been a Waterloo
Were not these exiles ready there,
Fresh, vehement and true."

(Great applause.) But it was not alone in the Old World that England was to meet these Irish exiles, these victims of Norman land-hunger and of British greed. It was in the New World they were to pay to her the largest installment of interest on the debt which they owe her. I state with the utmost deliberation that when the whole truth is written it will appear that one of the most potent causes of the American revolution was the presence and the influence of vast numbers of Irishmen and Irishwomen and their descendants who brought with them and nurtured and taught to their children their hereditary hatred of British tyranny and greed and brutality. That the number and influence of the Irish in the colonies has been vastly underrated is beyond question. Much of that history is written by persons who were unfriendly to the Irish, who were filled with prejudice by the reading of English literature which abounds in calumnies and slander, and which is so fond of exposing Irish illiteracy, but without pointing at their responsibility for that illiteracy.

I take a few facts from a book recently written by a Mr. Bagenal, an Englishman—and he writes of the Irish like one—entitled "The American Irish." He says, "In 1620 the 103 souls on board the Mayflower landed at Plymouth Rock. Twenty-three years later an Irish immigration took place which in numbers alone put the small Plymouth colony entirely in the shade." He quotes and endorses Prendergast's statement that in 1653 two hundred and fifty women between the ages of 12 and 45, and three hundred men between the ages of 12 and 50, were taken by slave-dealers from the south of Ireland and transported to New England. This you will remember was at the time they were trying to exterminate the Irish from Ireland. During four years these same slave dealers shipped 6,400 Irish men, women, boys and maidens to the American colonies. In 1727 the number of Irish that arrived at Philadelphia alone was 1,155. The next year 5,600 came in at that port, while for the next ten years the Irish furnished the Carolinas and Georgia the majority of their immigrants: and Ramsey in his history of North Carolina says that no other country furnished that province so many inhabitants as Ireland. From December, 1728, to December, 1729, the immigration to the colony of Pennsylvania was as follows: English and Welsh, 267; Scotch, 43; Palatines, 243; Irish, 5,655: the Irish being nearly ten times as numerous as all the others, and "this proportion," says Bagenal, "was doubtless sustained down to the Revolution." In 1771 2 the number of immigrants from Ireland to the colonies was 17,350. Speaking of the part they took in the Revolution, he says their services were as important in that struggle as they were at Fontenoy, Cremona, Waterloo, or in the Crimea. To corroborate his estimate as to the proportion of Irish troops in the patriot army he quotes the sworn statement of the English Major-General Robertson before a committee of the house of commons to the effect that half the rebel Continental army were from Ireland.

What would be the value of a history of the Revolutionary war which omitted the names and the doings of Wayne and Knox, of Montgomery, of Sullivan, of Stark, of Thompson, of Stewart, of Moylan, of Irvine, of Pickens, of Hand, of Barry and hundreds of others like them? These men, whether Irish born or born of Irish parents, were filled with hatred and resentment towards the British government. (Loud applause.) They were the first to raise the standard of revolt and to proclaim the doctrine of total separation. The men of English blood clung to the English connection till carried from their moorings by the impetuosity of the American Irish. John Adams, in defending the soldiers for the Boston "massacre," called the rioters a lot of Irish Teagues, and he expressed the views of very many of the Anglo-American colonists. But the Irish Teagues had memories, and they had traditions and they had courage, and these led them to the commission of *acts* which rendered reconciliation impossible. (Applause.)

With Jerry O'Brien attacking and capturing British ships on the high seas off the coast of Maine; with John Sullivan attacking and capturing Forts William and Mary, and carrying away the military stores which were afterwards used by the patriot rebels at Bunker Hill; with the Irish settlers of North Carolina adopting and proclaiming their celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, there was no way left the colonists but rebellion. These Irishmen burnt the ships; they destroyed the bridges that led to the British connection. And so for seven long years England was to meet these Irish exiles again; not alone those of them who voluntarily came, or those who were brought as slaves to the colonies, but the French Irish as well, who always claimed the right to lead where the English enemy was to be fought. (Applause.) All through that war she met them. At Bunker Hill, at Charleston, at Monmouth, at Trenton, at Bennington, and indeed on every battlefield of the war, including their final crushing defeat at Yorktown, where in humiliation they delivered up their arms and standards to Ensign Wilson, a young Irish-American, 18 years old, and the youngest commissioned officer in the patriot army. Washington immediately despatched Colonel Tilghman, a Maryland Irishman, to inform Irish-American Thomas McKean, the president of the Continental Congress, of their victory, and next morning Charles Thompson, from the county Tir-Owen, secretary of Congress, read the glorious news to that body. (Great applause.)

In view of all this, how wise from the British point of view were the efforts of her aged statesman whe he asked his countrymen to hold out the olive branch to the Irish people and to induce them to forget the past. And how promptly the warm Irish nature responded and made a place in its heart for the wise and courageous old man, Gladstone. But his plan is not in favor. There is no more olive branch for Ireland at present; coercion is much more probable, and the old fight is doubtless to be renewed. Well, if so, let it come. "Lay on McDuff, and damned be he who first cries hold, enough." (Applause). But of all the wrongs which the British government has inflicted on the Irish race, the one I find it hardest to forgive, and impossible to forget, is her crime against the Irish intellect. When I think of the studied malice which spent years, nay, generations in devising and enforcing new schemes for compassing "the degradation of the Irish people and the debasement in them of human nature itself," I find it very difficult to speak of it in the language of moderation. It would have been shockingly cruel to treat any people so, but it was unspeakably cruel to so treat a race of their high spirit and keen sensibility; of their crisp, quick wit, brilliant fancy and vivid imagination; a race having native qualities of head and heart which constitute what Henry Morley calls "the Celtic sense of literature as an art." Oh, the damnable inhumanity of it! And as if the original attempt to strangle this "sense of literature," and to degrage and brutify the people were not bad enough, they have ever since through their national literature, in pulpit, platform and theatre, continued to slander, malign and traduce their victims.

It seems to be a general principle with mean natures that when they injure another unjustly, in his person or property, they feel bound to also injure, and if possible, to destroy his reputation. And certainly such has been the treatment England has accorded the Irish people. She disarmed them and prohibited the use of possession of arms, and then taunted them with cowardice. She robbed them by force and fraud of every vestige of property; she legislated to prevent them acquiring more, and then taunted them with indolence; she made them paupers by law, and then held them up to the contempt of the civilized world as examples of willful poverty and wretchedness; she banished the teacher, put a price upon his head, made killing him a work of merit, closed the schools, visited the direst penalties of the law on the heads of those who tried to get an education, and then pointed the finger of scorn at Irish ignorance. Through her literature she has held us up to the world as actually being what she tried so long and so hard to make us. When her writers of fiction required the presence of some brutal or idiotic character in their books, one with an Irish name was found; if indolence, and ignorance and wretchedness were to be painted, they were painted over an Irish name. A baboon was put on the stage and taught to speak with an Irish accent for the amusement of those who did their very best to reduce the Irish race to that level. If history was to be written concerning the Irish people their merits were merely glanced at in a jocular way or ignored altogether, while their faults—and most of them were of English manufacture—were dwelt upon, magnified and elaborated with infinite variations. She took care that the Irish did not learn to read, so that it was useless for anyone to write their side of the case. The Irish could not read it, and the English would not.

Thus she stole the use of the genius of the Goldsmiths, and Burkes, and Sheridans, and Steeles, and the other Irishmen whose talents shed lustre on her instead of adorning their native land. But a brighter day is dawning. The Irish intellect, at least, is unchained, and although it is but little more than a generation since the school-house was opened to them, the Irish have already made a brilliant record. In history, in fiction, in poetry, in journalism, they are giving evidence of those splendid natural gifts which Mr. Morley calls "the Celtic sense of literature as an art," and depend upon it, with a free field and a fair chance, the time is not far distant when history will again repeat itself, and the Irish race will be distinguished for its love of art, science and literature, and its success in cultivating them. (Applause). Of late the emissaries of Britain have tried an attack on a new line. Jealous, aye, and fearful of our influence here, she would cast a doubt on our loyalty to American institutions. But that malific design is easily foiled. We know in our hearts that we are as loyal and true to the principles of this Republic as the needle is to the pole, and we point with pride to the proof of it which is written on every page of American history. There are many reasons, and I have given some of them, why the Irish and their descendants should excel all other citizens in love for, and devotion to, the principles upon which this Republic is founded. Ours, the duty to lead all others in love for, and devotion to, our country's flag and obedience to the law.

There are some recent and sudden converts to American principles who seem to think that none love the flag but those who wear it on their sleeves. But men who have it enshrined in their hearts need not wear it on their sleeves. I have little respect for loud-mouthed patriots, and no respect at all for the alleged patriotism of those who would make the Stars and Stripes the emblem of a faction. (Applause). It has a place in our hearts which no other can occupy. We love it dearly, because it represents true freedom; because it represents equal laws fairly administered. We yield to none in our love for it, or in our devotion to it. Under its starry folds we live, and like hundreds of thousands of our race in the past, in its defense we are ready to die. The Irishman "Richelieu" Robinson says for us all in his song of the Celt:

Fairest of flags that floats on the gale,
Banner of Washington we bid thee hail.
Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave,
Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave;
Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free,
Banner of Washington, blessings on thee.

Let us then be ever true to the principles of constitutional liberty, true to the traditions of our race, true to ourselves, and the time is not far distant when history will repeat itself, when Ireland, and men of the Irish race, will stand in the forefront of intellectual endeavor, and the dream of the poet will be realized in "Ireland a Nation, free and grand." (Prolonged applause).

A magnificent display of fireworks, including a representation of a lofty Irish round tower, brought the demonstration to a close.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill in so.

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Ni fada 'n-a dhiaigh sin do mhac Ui Dhuibhne an tan do chonnairc sé ah gruagach chuige, agus inneall agus aghaidh iorghaille air: agus ni beannughadh do rinne do mhac Ui Dhuibhne an trá thainig do láthair, acht achmhusán ainlarmarthach do thabhairt dó, agus adubhairt gur bh'eugcóir dó bheith ag siubhal a fhorsoise agus a fháisaigh agus ag ól a choda uisge. Thug mac Ui Dhuibhne agus an gruagach aghaidh ar a chéile go dásachtach agus go neimhneach michéillidhe, agus go calma cursta, agus go fraochmar foirnlata, go rabhadar ag freastal agus ag fritheolamh a chéile do bhuilleadhaibh gálbhtheacha gealrutha agus do bhéiminibh borba no go rug nóin agus deireadh lae orra, agus ba mhithid leis an ngruagach dealughadh le cómhrac mhic Ui Dhuibhne, agus thug a theannléim i lochtar na tiobraide ualdh; agus ba h-imeshniomhach le mac Ui Dhuibhne a chéile cómbraic do dhealughadh leis mar sin. Feuchas mac Ui Dhuibhne na ceithre h-árda agus do chonnairc ealba fiadh ag gabhail na forsoise, agus druidios i n-a g-coinne, agus thug rothuachair ar an aigh allaidh ba choimhneasa dhó gur léig a h-athach agus a h-inathar go lár, agus thug leis i agus bheirios tenniach teineadh amach, agus do rinne mac Ui Dhuibhne teine treunmhór, agus do rinne aigheadha beaga beulsgaoilte d'fheoil na aighe agus chuirios ar bhearaibh fada fionnchuiti iad: agus ithios a shaith d'fheoil na h-aighe an oidhche sin agus d'uisge na tiobraide le chéile.

Mhéadus mac Ui Dhuibhne go moch ar na mhárach, agus fuair an gruagach ag an tiobraid roimhe. "Dar liom fein, a mhic Ui Dhuibhne," ar an gruagach, "nior leor leat siábhal m'fhorsoise no m'fháisaigh do bheith agad gan fiadhsach m'fhorsoise." Acht cheana, thugadar goin 'san n-goin, agus buille 'san m-buille, agus sáthadh 'san t-sáthadh d'á chéile no go rug nóin agus deireadh lae orra. Trí lá agus teora oidhche do mhac Ui Dhuibhne agus do'n n-gruagach ag cómhrac le chelle, agus agh imdhiscir alita gach oidhche ag mac Ui Dhuibhne. Ar an lá deidhcanach de'n chómhrac thug an gruagach a teannléim ó mhac Ui Dhuibhne d'ionsuidh na tiobraide. Do b'áill le mac Ui Dhuibhne lámh do chur fá bhraghaid an ghruagaigh agus do chuadar faol an tiobraid le chelle. Fágbhas an gruagach mac Ui Dhuibhne ar n-dul faol'n tiobraid; leanas mac Ui Dhuibhne an gruagach ar bh-fágbháil na tiobraide 'nna dhiaigh, agus fuair an mágh minscothach fairsing mórálainn roimhe, agus an chathair roghdha rómhaiseach ar lár an mnaighe, agus tiugh slóigh agus sochaide ar fhaithche an longphuirt.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Majestic, sailing from New York Aug. 21: Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Joseph, H. P. Garthwaite, Miss Forbes, David Richards, William E. Jones, H. Hobbs, Mary C. Roberts, Margaret Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Iremonger, Chicago.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

G. A. R. Encampment.

Are you going to Louisville to attend the 29th Annual Encampment of the G. A. R., Sept. 11 to 14? The Monon Route is the national official route, Chicago to Louisville, and the battlefield line from Louisville to the South. Special accommodations will be provided for all those who attend. In addition to the two regular trains daily (morning and evening), special trains will be run at such hours as will best accommodate the veterans, and special cars will be furnished Posts of twenty-five or more members if so desired. Also special sleeping cars can be arranged for. The fare from Chicago to Louisville will be $6.00 for the round trip, and from Louisville to Chattanooga $6.35 for the round trip. Tickets will be limited a sufficient length of time to enable members of the G. A. R. to visit Chickamauga battlefield. The National Park at that place will be dedicated with imposing ceremonies after the encampment at Louisville. For rates, special trains, special coaches, sleeping cars and further information address Sidney B. Jones, City Passenger Agent, 232 Clark street, Chicago, L. E. Sessions, Traveling Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn., or Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

BARGAINS IN

DIAMONDS

AT

KASPER & BARNES,

McVICKER'S THEATRE BUILDING.

OPEN EVENINGS.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Circuit Court. The People of the State of Illinois ex rel David Gore vs. Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors of the Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company that the undersigned was, on the 2nd day of January, 1895, duly appointed Receiver of said Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company; and that all persons holding any claim or claims against said Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company are hereby notified to present the same under oath or affirmation within ninety days from this date, whether said claims are due or not.

R. D. WALSH,
Receiver of the Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company, Rooms 700-701, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago.
Dated this 31st day of July, A. D. 1895.
Johnson & McDannold,
1213 Ashland Block, Attorneys.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1004 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ROSANNA McNAMARA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Rosanna McNamara, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 5, 1895.

ELLEN ROSANNA MURRAY,
Administratrix.

TWO FAMOUS POEMS.

PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH THEY WERE WRITTEN.

Old Captain John Duble and His Bundles of Faded and Time Worn Papers That Recalled Interesting Memories of the Long Time Ago.

Old John Duble, the doughty captain of the Ohio river gunboat Conestoga and the commodore of the fleet which helped repulse Bragg and Kirby Smith when they laid siege to Cincinnati, is suffering from the infirmities of his fourscore years at his home in this city. Though his sea legs have gone back on him to some extent, his mind remains clear and active. I called upon him the other evening and found him engaged in rummaging through several packages of timeworn and yellow papers, which he said were notes that he had kept for years before and since the war. Picking up a clipping upon which were some verses, he laid it in my lap with the remark, "Did you hear how that was written?"

I examined the clipping and saw that it contained the verses of General W. H. Lytle of Ohio, who, while fighting with the Army of the Cumberland, lost his life near Chickamauga. Who has not read "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying?" "I'll tell you about that piece," continued Captain Duble. "I knew Lytle long before the war, when he was a young man studying law in Cincinnati. He was inclined to be a gay youth and spent too much time over the flowing bowl. One night he was taken to the Hammond Street station for safe keeping. As he sobered up he called for a pen and ink. Then and there he wrote that poem. It immortalized him.

"Years after Lytle became a Union general and participated in the battles of Tennessee. He was killed at Stone River. When the rebels examined the body and found the poem, which established his identity, they tenderly wrapped him in the Union flag, for which he had so bravely fought, and sent him across to the Federal camp, accompanied by a guard of honor. That was one of the prettiest things I ever knew the rebels to do, and our boys appreciated it too.

"Here's another story of how Buchanan Reed came to write that dashing poem, 'Sheridan's Ride,' with which every one is familiar. Reed was on my staff at the siege of Cincinnati. He had been living in that city, but he came originally from Pennsylvania, and was as much at home in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Rome, Dusseldorf, London or Paris as in the county of Chester, which gave him birth. He went to Cincinnati as a tailor's apprentice, then became a student of sculpture under Clevenger and carved angel faces upon freestone monuments. Abandoning sculpture he took up art and mental culture. When I knew him in 1862, he had been all over the world and had lived in all of the large cities. He had written quite a number of war poems.

"'Sheridan's Ride' was written the 1st of November, 1864. Murdoch, the actor, was to be given an ovation in Pike's Opera House. Murdoch was reading Harper's Weekly that morning, and upon the title page was the thrilling picture of Sheridan's ride to the front. A friend suggested that there was a poem in the picture, and asked if he could not have one written for the actor to recite at his ovation. Murdoch expressed his doubts at being able to memorize the piece in time. But the friend sought Reed, who enthused upon seeing the picture, and during the afternoon the poem was finished. Before the ink had dried on the paper Murdoch was committing the verses to memory. That night Murdoch inimitably interpreted that poem, and peal after peal of enthusiasm punctuated the last three glowing verses. Both Murdoch and Reed were called before the footlights to receive congratulations. Reed afterward gave me the manuscript of that poem. The author told me that he took nothing to his room save a pot of black tea, at which he sipped as he wrote. 'That poem, with its faults,' said he, 'came from no inspiration of the bottle. I would like to have corrected some of those faults, but Bayard Taylor advised me not to allow the least change or emendation, but to let it stand as written. It now stands as the muse gave it.'"—Washington Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rivers of Buttermilk.

There is more than one way of turning the tables on a person who indulges in the practice of "drawing a long bow." One of the most effectual methods was recently employed by a slow spoken Vermonter on an "accommodation" train.

Several persons were listening in open mouthed, wide eyed astonishment to the talk of a loquacious young man, whose stories increased in size and general incredibility as time went on. He was a resident of a town adjoining that in which the elderly Vermonter had spent all his days, but the old man watched the narrator in silence, though with none of the interest displayed by the other listeners.

At last the young man mentioned one of the citizens of his native town, and remarked incidentally that the man had an immense dairy, from which he sent out over a million pounds of butter and an equal quantity of cheese every year.

At this several of his hearers looked decidedly incredulous, and one of them, turning to the elderly man, said:

"You come from round his way, I b'lieve. Did you ever hear tell of that dairy?"

"Waal, no," drawled the person addressed, with a perfectly grave face. "I don't recall havin heerd of it till now, but I have heerd that there's a man over in that town that has ten sawmills that are worked an kep' a-goin by buttermilk, an I persnme to say it's the same man, an if one story's true like as not the other may be."—Youth's Companion.

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CHEESE ROLLING ON STATEN ISLAND.

A Muscular and Skillful Italian Can Win Many Pounds of Parmesan.

A favorite sport among the better class of Italians in New York is cheese rolling. In the rural districts of this country it used to be the custom at some fairs and merrymakings to stick a cheese on the top of a tall pole. The countrymen would all try their hardest to shin up the pole to capture the cheese, and the successful man walked off with his prize. In the Italian game the successful man walks off with the cheese, but he does not climb any pole for it. The winner is he who can roll the cheese farthest, and to him belong the cheeses of the other contestants.

Just back of South Beach there is an Italian hotel, with a picturesque arbor facing on the road. This arbor, which is covered with vines, is extensive and is used as a dining room by the guests. The Italians who come from all over New York city to witness or take part in the cheese rolling contest first of all dine in the great vine clad arbor. They feast to their hearts' content on minestra, olives, spaghetti, fresh veal stuffed and other Italian dishes. The stone tables are heaped with Italian dainties and bottles of the imported wines so dear to the average Italian. It is not to be supposed that ice cream venders and "hokey pokey" men are among the diners. They are portly barbers, wine merchants and prosperous business men. Imported wines are too expensive for the fruit venders and peanut men, who besides cannot afford to miss their Sunday trade, for it is only on Sundays that the cheese rolling contests are held.

After the dinner everybody flocks to the roadside, where the cheese rolling takes place. A level strip of road is necessary. This must be of considerable length. The cheeses are wound round with a band of cotton, which is grasped by the player and enables him to swing the cheese with considerable force. Parmesan cheeses are used, on account of their hardness and the toughness of the black rind. The cheeses are worth 30 cents a pound, and they weigh from 10 to 40 pounds apiece. Any number of people can play—at least as many as have cheeses, for the contestants supply their own cheeses, and the winner takes the lot.

Each player winds the band round his cheese, and with a mighty effort sends the heavy disk bowling along the road. From the point where it stops he throws it again, and the player covering the greatest distance in four throws wins all the other cheeses. Some of the good players can cover an extraordinary distance with even a heavy cheese, 20 pounds or more. A Brooklyn Italian, who is considered a champion, has sent his cheese 300 feet in a single throw. He has stocked his store with Parmesan cheeses and sold a good many to his less fortunate competitors. The cheeses are expensive, and a cheese of ordinary size will easily be worth $5.

Sometimes a cheese will strike a stone with such force as to smash it all to pieces despite the toughness of its rind. When this occurs, which is seldom, a wail goes up from the crowd, and the unfortunate owner uses more forcible words in five minutes than he will use in the rest of the week.

If the cheeses do not break, the rolling is said to improve them. Though the rolling looks easy, a trial will convince the novice to the contrary. The cheese will probably travel about 20 feet and then ignominiously roll into the ditch. After the contest is decided the players retire to the dining room and fight their battles again verbally over flasks of Chianti. The scene furnishes a pretty little picture of Italian life when the swarthy sons of Italy make up their minds to enjoy themselves.—New York Tribune.

Poisoned Arrows.

The use of poisoned arrows in primitive warfare is undoubtedly of very ancient origin. The custom is mentioned by Strabo, Pliny and Aristotle, all of whom agree that it was well known in both prehistoric Europe and Asia. In later times the Celts and Gauls envenomed their arrow and spear shafts with the juices of the hellebore, and the American and Australian savages with serpent venom and virus from decaying flesh.

The very earliest mention of the Scythians refers to them as "a people who prepare arrow poison by mixing serpent venom with the virus of putrid blood serum." At the time of the discovery of America the Indians were as well skilled in the science of preparing arrow poison as the Scythians or any other early tribe of European or Asiatic people. The favorite mode as practiced by the American aborigines was to kill some wild animal, a deer or buffalo preferred, remove its liver and cause a heavily envenomed reptile to strike its fangs into it until the meat turned green with poison. If one serpent did not supply enough, others were obtained, and the work of enraging the creatures and causing them to strike the liver was kept up until the desired results were obtained. One large liver thus prepared would furnish poison enough to coat the shafts of 10,000 arrows. The Smithsonian institute has hundreds of these poisoned arrows, the microscope showing that most of them have been poisoned with rattlesnake venom.—St. Louis Republic.

Growth of Berlin and Glasgow.

"I know of no cities in this country," says an American abroad, "not even Chicago, that impress one so with a sense of newness and of great development as Berlin and Glasgow. I remember Berlin 15 years ago, when it seemed hardly as much of a city as Dresden. Now it is so wonderfully built up and improved that New York seems in comparison with it an old established community, slow in its growth. It is much the same with Glasgow, whose progress in recent years has been little less than marvelous. If there are any Americans who still think that our cities are the only ones that grow like weeds I would advise them to take a trip abroad."

THE NEBULAR THEORY.

How, According to It, the Sun and the Planets Were Formed.

The finite mind can hardly conceive of a time when there was neither sun nor planets, yet both the Bible and science teach us that such a state of affairs once actually existed. We have all read the Biblical account of creation, and not a few of us have spent valuable time reading learned essays on the condition of things in the time of "the beginning." It is not the object of this "note" to discuss the origin of the sun and the planets from a Biblical standpoint, nor do we mean to give a resume of scientific opinions on the subject. On the contrary, we shall confine our remarks to what is known as the "nebular hypothesis," or nebular theory of the origin of worlds and suns.

According to the opinion of the most learned astronomers, the "beginning" is ushered in with the existence throughout all space of an undefinable matter of substance called "nebula." This nebula was of such wonderful thinness that it is believed that millions of miles of it could have easily been compressed into a common thimble. The heavier portions gradually gathered around common centers after the lapse of ages and formed planets, suns and stars, the light and heat of the two latter being due to the clashing of their component atoms as they gravitate continually toward the center of the mass.

The nebula origin of the sun and incidentally of the planets also is thus finely set forth in a recent article by a well known British writer: The matter, or rather the gas which composes our sun, was once spread out to the farthest orbit of the outermost planets of our system—that is, to the planet Neptune. From the orbit of Neptune this inconceivably thin mass began to converge, growing denser and denser and smaller and smaller as it gradually approached its existing dimensions. As it condensed, revolving upon its axis, the solar mist left behind it at intervals portions of cloudlike matter cast off from its equator.

These masses of gas, undergoing a similar evolution to that of the sun, or central mass, have, with great slowness, hardened into what is now Jupiter, Saturn, the earth and the other planets. Meanwhile the main central mass, always retreating, eventually formed the sun itself, the present chief luminary of our system of worlds.—St. Louis Republic.

On Catching Cold In Bed.

Mark Twain once wrote a paper pointing out the appalling danger of going to bed as exemplified in bills of mortality. For one person who died out of his bed several hundred succumbed in bed, and now we have Mr. Ashby-Sterry drawing attention to the same thing. Hitherto he has hymned in graceful verse pantalets, frills and the tempestuous petticoat, and now, quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore, he lauds the pyjama. In a recent number of The Graphic he says:

"I have a theory that most people catch cold at night after they are in bed, and it is to this fact that I attribute a great deal of the violent colds, the bronchial catarrhs and influenza which have recently been so prevalent. The temperature goes down suddenly in the night, and people catch cold when they are asleep without knowing it. This evil is to be counteracted, not by piling on a lot of heavy blankets, but by wearing thick, close fitting garments of a pyjamalike nature and warm socks on the feet. If this system were adopted, I am quite certain that it would be found beneficial."

There is common sense in this. People unquestionably may catch cold in bed, especially if there are at all restless and so kick the bedclothes off. In that event if only clad in a thin cotton nightshirt they are sure to catch cold, whereas if clad in pyjamas, not necessarily thick, but made of some woolen material, the chance of a chill is much lessened.—London Lancet.

Steam Attachment to Telephone.

Manager Fowler of the Telephone exchange, Ashland, Ky., has devised an ingenious attachment for telephones, to be used in factories and shops where the amount of noise makes it almost impossible to hear the call bell of the instrument. It consists of a steam whistle, which is turned on by means of a lever operated by magnetism. When the instrument is called from the exchange the bell rings as usual, and, by the electrical current passing through a magnet, a weight is released which pulls the lever to the whistle. Once started, the whistle keeps up its shrill note until some one answers the call and turns off the steam, which is done by simply replacing the weight. One of these attachments is being placed at the local steel plant, another at the tannery and several more will probably be installed in sawmills and similar establishments —Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An Odd Wager.

A queer wager is the one popularly believed to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh from Queen Elizabeth, on the debatable question of how much smoke is contained in a pound of tobacco. A pound of the article was weighed, burned and then weighed in ashes, and the question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining the weight of the smoke as exactly that of the tobacco before being burned, minus the ashes. The fact of the ashes having received an additional weight by combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere was unthought of by Elizabeth and the knight.

Repudiated.

"Go!"

The form of the young and beautiful girl was drawn up to its full height, and quivering with rage she pointed to the door. "You told me it would be"—

With a commanding gesture she handed him back the ring he had just tendered her.

—"at least three carats."—Detroit Free Press.

BACTERIA AND COLORS.

Blue Rays Kill Germs, but Red Does Not Much Affect Them.

Although investigation has not been idle, experimenters have not been wholly agreed as to the exact property or field of the sun's rays which is most efficient in action on bacteria and fungi.

The inquiry has been continued by Professor H. Marshall Ward, to whom the thought occurred in the course of his work that the most direct answer to the question, Which rays are the most effective ones? might be best obtained by shining the solar spectrum directly upon the film of spores, and making it record the effects by their subsequent behavior, according as the different groups of rays fell upon them—in other words, by obtaining a photograph of the spectrum in living and dead bacteria.

The results showed conclusively that the rays that kill the bacteria are the blue and violet ones. An observation was made during the investigation which may go far to account for the unsatisfactory character of the determinations of former experiments.

The chief difficulty to be overcome was the great weakening of the intensity of the dispersed rays of the beam of light decomposed to form the spectrum, a weakening caused by the distribution of the incidence of the rays over a larger area and by their absorption and reflection in passing through the lenses and prisms.

It was found also, in working with the electric light, that the power of the blue and violet rays was further impaired—in other words, that they were stopped—by the material (glass) through which they had to pass.

The effect of the glass was practically the same as that of mist or haze in the atmosphere, which so filters out the blue violet rays that the light of a dull day was of little effect in the author's experiments.

These difficulties were overcome by using quartz instead of glass, with which it was possible to obtain a very pure spectrum sufficiently rich in blue and violet rays to kill the spores in a few hours. The author found it easy to obtain satisfactory results in the summer with solar rays, even with glass lenses, mirrors, etc., and exposures of five or six hours, but in winter the exposures required to be so long as to be almost impracticable.—Popular Science Monthly.

The French Expedition to Egypt.

The most novel spectacle of all was a carefully organized and equipped expedition of 100 or more scholars, who, according to what was then the fashion, were destined to gather the treasures of the pharaohs and of the Ptolemies for the collection of Paris. Their apparatus for discovery was the best obtainable, their learning was at least respectable and their library was a mixture of the ancient classics with those of the modern romanticism, of mediæval lore with modern atheism. Homer and Virgil jostled Ossian and Tasso, while Rousseau's "Heloise" stood neighbor to Goethe's "Werther." Among other "political" works were Montesquieu, the Vedas, the Koran and the Bible. Caroline Bonaparte gave her brother as a farewell gift a little pocket library, among the volumes of which were Bacon's "Essays," Mme. de Stael's "Influence of the Passions" and Mercier's "Philosophic Visions." The curious have examined these volumes and found in their well worn pages a few passages specially marked. In his hours of solitude the great solitary read in Bacon how he who dominates others loses his own liberty; in Mme. de Stael how hard it is to keep the acquisitions of ambition; in Mercier of an oriental visionary who, after the glories of temporary success, ended his days in exile and forgetfulness.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Rather Mean.

"Speaking of dinners," said Hawkins, "reminds me of something I overheard in these very rooms not two nights ago. I always knew Smooks was of a saving nature, but I never believed that the fellow was downright mean."

"How's that?" asked Bluffkins indifferently.

"Well, it was like this. Tuesday night Snooks came in and began talking with Webb. 'I hear you're going away on Saturday,' said Snooks.

"'Yes,' answered Webb. 'For three months.'

"'And what are you doing tomorrow night?'

"'Wednesday,' said Webb. 'I have no engagement for Wednesday.'

"'And the next night?'

"'That's Thursday. 'I dine with the Blakes on that day.'

"'Dear, dear! That's a pity," said Snooks, with a good bluff at disappointment. 'I wanted you to take dinner with us on Thursday.'"—Boston Budget.

Directions For Sterilizing Milk.

Provide six or eight half pint bottles, according to the number of times the child is fed during the 24 hours. Put the proper amount of food for one feeding in each bottle and use a tuft of cotton batting as a stopper. Have a saucepan that the bottles can stand in conveniently. Invert a perforated tin pie plate in the bottom and put in enough water to come above the milk in the bottles. Stand the bottles on it; when the water boils draw the saucepan to a cooler part of the stove, where the water will remain near the boiling point but not actually boiling. Cover the saucepan and let the bottles remain in it one hour. Put them in the icebox or a cool place in winter.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Appearances.

"My dear baron, what are you doing? Smoking two cigars at one and the same time?"

"Well, you see, my dear fellow, in this beastly hole you can't get any sixpenny cigars such as I am in the habit of smoking, and so I have to make shift with a couple of threepenny ones."—Deutsche Warte.

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Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

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Div 5—P F Goblen, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O Connor Lyne, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cumming, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 3020 Dyer st; Thos Gallagher, F S, Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4459 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Ancient hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2901 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 1001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T. Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O Connor, Rec Sec, 204 20th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5839 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 31st and Peoria sts, 1st Tuesday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5616 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Lanlin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3232 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2220 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 289 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V-P; Jer h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Tuesday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1353 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; Joan Toner, Rec Sec, 4316 Dyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Park Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4636 Wentworth av; Thos Kilioughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O Reilly, Pres, P O Box 338, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; P C Harlan, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Healin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 32—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 630 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3036 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 3457 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 3533 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Mcinerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 359 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Passage and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1088 Lake st.

St Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hara; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western ave.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 33 W 12th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 s Leavitt st; F S, J F Matbach; Treas, M Lilig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 218 Cleveland av; F S, F J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitenell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John Hildauler, 455 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Keuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson ave.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Kring; Treas, J C Cramer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western ave.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Tuesday at 7:30 in Rund's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burs; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 8360 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, Joan W Schmitt; T, L B Scnagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorney. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller Meet in hall, 146 W

McMullen No 44—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassett and Chicago av

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OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

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No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

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No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

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No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

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No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we

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ESTATE OF PETER JOYCE, DECEASED. —All persons having claims against the estate of Peter Joyce, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof

Dated Chicago, August 5, 1895.

NORA JOYCE, Administratrix.

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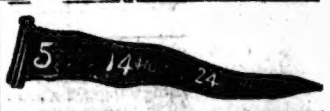

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